

WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

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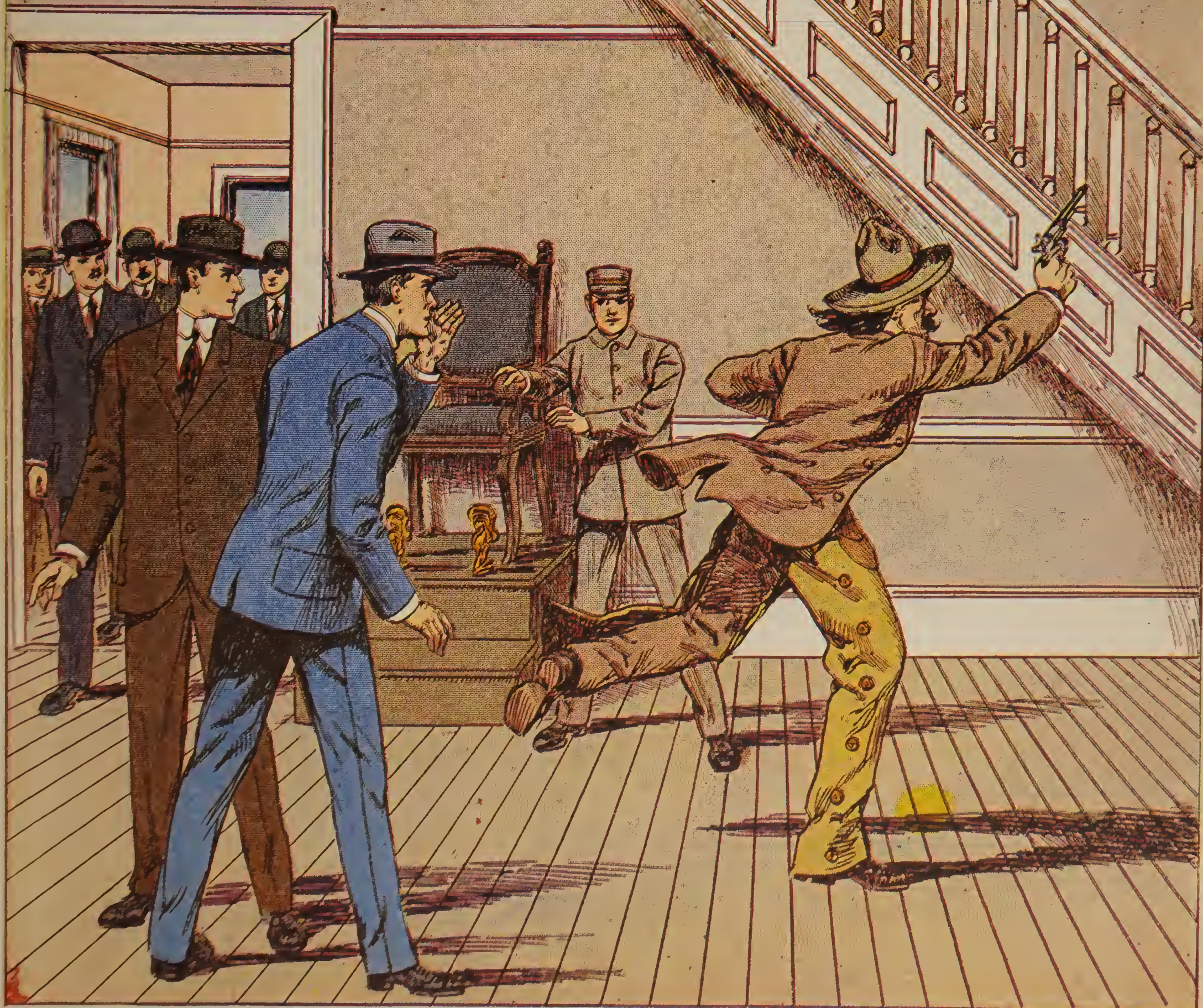
No. 769.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1913.

Price 5 Cents.

FRED FEARNOT'S TRIUMPH OR WINNING HIS CASE IN COURT AND OTHER STORIES

By Hal. Standish



"Long-haired fool, am I?" roared the cowboy, drawing his revolver and making a break for the corner of the room, where a bootblack had his stand, under a stairway. "Where's the galoot who called me a long-haired fool?"

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FRED FEARNOT'S TRIUMPH

—OR—

WINNING HIS CASE IN COURT

By HAL STANDISH

CHAPTER I.

FRED FEARNOT AND TERRY OLCOTT BOUND FOR THE WEST.

Terry Olcott, at his home in Fredonia, one day, went to the post-office, accompanied by his sister, Evelyn, and among several letters he received from his classmates was one from Fred Fearnot. He opened Fred's letter first and read:

"DEAR TERRY: I have got to go out West again, on business for some of father's clients. There are a lot of land grabbers and land swindlers out there, who have been playing the very deuce, until many titles are badly mixed up. As I attended to similar business a year ago, for father, out there, he insists that I shall go again; and as there is some little danger attached to the mission, he suggests that I take you along with me, his clients being willing to pay the expenses of two men. In your last letter to me you stated that you were doing nothing that might be called work. There is going to be some lively work in this business, so if you can go with me, wire me at once to that effect, then burnish up your little gun and be ready for me as I pass through Fredonia. I will let you know on what train I leave New York, so you can jump aboard.

"Yours, ever, FRED."

"Terry, that's from Fred, isn't it?" Evelyn asked, as they walked along homeward, looking over their letters.

"Yes," he replied.

"What's he writing about now?" she asked.

"You may read it for yourself"; and he handed her the letter, which she quickly read and passed back to him, with the query:

"Are you going with him?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked in turn. "I'm doing nothing here at present, and there may be money in the trip for me. We generally make something every time we go out together; but hanged if I don't make him stop over here one day."

"Of course. I don't see why he should dash through here without stopping, when he knows we would all like so much to see him."

"Well, you wait at Mary's for me, and I'll go to the telegraph office and dispatch him that I'll go on one condition, and that is, that he stop over here one day, on his way West."

"Oh, he'll think I caused you to do that," she laughed.

"Well, what if he does? He's got to stop all the same"; and with that he left her at the gate of the Hamilton residence, and hurried back to Broad street, where he entered the telegraph office, where he wired to Fred:

"I will go with you, provided you stop over here one day, on the way. TERRY."

He then returned to the Hamilton home, where he found Evelyn and Mary sitting on the steps of the piazza, waiting for him.

"Terry, Evelyn says you and Fred are going West again," said Mary, as he joined them.

"Yes, he has asked me to go with him on a business trip, for his father."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Only a few weeks, I guess."

"You're not going among the Indians again, are you?"

"I guess not. I believe it's some matters of land speculation, and that means that we will keep near the settlements. There's big fortunes made out there every year in land; but I judge from Fred's letter that some crooked business has been going on, which we are to straighten out for some of his father's clients."

"I suppose you and Fred will get into as much trouble as you can."

"I don't know; it's generally the other fellows who get into trouble and not us. At any rate, don't you go to hanging any crape on the door-knob, on my account, until I write you that I am dead."

"Now, brother, hush that sort of talk," said Evelyn. "When is Fred coming up?"

"I don't know. I presume I'll hear from him to-morrow, or the day after. In the meantime, I'm going to get ready for the trip."

"You two boys are always on the go. I think it's time you were beginning to settle down."

"Why, Great Scott!" laughed Terry, "did you ever see anybody settle down as young as we are?"

"Why, yes; there are business men in Fredonia here, who were never fifty miles away from home in their lives, and are doing well. They went to work as soon as they left school, stuck to it and have made money."

"Well, none of them have done as well as Fred and I have. We've been thousands of miles away from home; in fact, have gone clear around the world and came back with money picked up on the way. and I'll wager that, in a month or six weeks, we will make more on this trip out West than any of your model plodders make in a whole year."

The next day Terry received a telegram from Fred, stating that he'd be up on the day following and would stop over twenty-four hours. Of course that was gratifying news to all the members of the Olcott family, who dearly loved Terry's plucky friend. Terry met him at the train and the two classmates greeted each other very heartily. Fred left his trunk at the station, saying he would have no need for it at the house, and then went to the Olcott home, where he received a glad welcome from all the family. The little children were very fond of him, and he had to greet and kiss each one before he could get at the mother and Evelyn.

"Going out West in search of trouble, are you?" Evelyn asked, as she shook hands with him.

"No," he laughed, "I stopped over in Fredonia for that."

"Why, what trouble do you expect here?"

"Oh, the same old thing," he laughed. "I'm always happy when I get here; but the trouble is the heart-ache that comes when I leave. You're looking like a picture."

"Oh, yes; I feel like one. You never come up to see us, except to take Terry away from us, and that always spoils our pleasure at seeing you."

"Now, old girl, you want to pick a quarrel in order to force us to take you along with us."

"Well, don't you want to take me along?"

"Of course I do; but I've got better sense than to try it, because I know you can't rough it, as we will have to do in the wild and woolly West. Now, if you'll just promise to be good,

"I'll either send or bring back to you a lot of scalps or other curiosities."

"No scalps, if you please," she laughed. "I would be satisfied to see both of you return well and unharmed. You don't seem to realize how every one of us will lay all the blame on you if any harm should come to Terry during some of his trips with you. I'm sure we could never forgive you."

"I'm quite sure you wouldn't be unjust," said Fred. "When Terry and I are together we can take care of ourselves a great deal better than when separated. You seem to be under the impression that this is simply a pleasure trip; but I assure you that it is not. It's business from top to bottom, and there's money in it for both of us; and as we've always made a little money every time we went away, it seems to me that you should be glad when you see us start out for more."

"Oh, I'm always glad to see you make money; but you and brother have such a way of getting into trouble that I'm always uneasy whenever you are away from home together."

"Well, old girl, how often have I told you not to worry. I've never taken your little brother away from you yet, without bringing him back older, stronger and better than he was before; and you can wager me just forty kisses that I'll do the same thing this time."

The two boys went up to Terry's room, where they had a quiet talk over their proposed trip, during which Fred explained the nature of the business he had to attend to for his father, out in Nebraska.

"There's a ring of sharpers out there," said he, "who have been playing the deuce with Eastern investors, several of whom have placed their cases in father's hands, who, of course, can't attend to them in person, any farther than to send some one out there whom he can trust. It's a good deal of bluff on the part of the ring, and father thinks that when you and I get together we are pretty hard to bluff."

"Yes, I think he's right," laughed Terry. "We've done some little bluffing ourselves, and sometimes a good, stiff bluff saves a fellow's life."

"Yes; we've seen that demonstrated several times. I think there are some country lawyers out there, who are engineering this swindling business, and what we'll have to do, on reaching the ground, will be to lie low and get all the points before letting them know anything about our mission. Tickets for both of us were given me in New York. Here's yours," and he handed Terry a ticket to a point in Nebraska, which the latter took and placed carefully away in his pocketbook.

Later during the day, Fred suggested to Terry that he take quite a sum of money with him, in the form of a draft, or of a certified check, saying that the probabilities were they would have a chance to make some money, if they were prepared to avail themselves of opportunities. Terry acted on his advice, and long before the day waned he was ready for the trip. Of course he and Fred spent the evening with Mary and Evelyn and were together till a very late hour. The next day they took the train for the West and were soon bounding on their way to their destination. Their tickets called for continuous passage to the little town of Ozark, in Nebraska, which, being in the heart of a rich agricultural region, was a thriving, booming place.

There was a well-dressed looking fellow in the seat behind them, and when the conductor had punched their tickets, Terry happened to look back and noticed that the man in the rear seat had precisely the same kind of a ticket that he and Fred had, and he thought it a little strange that anyone else should be bound for the same point as themselves; but a few minutes later he ceased to think about it. A few hours later, though, the man behind them remarked to Terry:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I noticed when the conductor punched your ticket that you are bound for the same place that I am."

"Yes," he replied, "we are bound for Ozark, Nebraska."

"That's my home," said the man.

"Indeed? Then if we follow you we won't be lost."

"Well, hardly," laughed the stranger. "You have never been there before?"

"I've been in the State before; but not at that point."

"Are you going out there to stay?"

Before Terry could answer the question, Fred turned and remarked:

"Yes, we intend to stay if we can find things out there to suit us. I've heard that it was a growing town and that investments in real estate would be paying ones."

"Yes, quite a number of our people have made money there. The town is building up very fast, and land is being taken up all around it, principally for raising wheat. Are you looking out for a farm?"

"No; at present we are simply looking out for No. 1. If we are not satisfied with things in Ozark, there are other places that we intend to visit."

Fred took the conversation on himself, signaling to Terry, by a pressure of his foot, to say nothing more. The two talked quite a while, until the conversation was broken by the train stopping at the dinner station. Quite a number of the passengers arose and left the car, as did the stranger, with whom Fred had been talking.

"Say, Terry," whispered Fred, when the stranger was not about in their vicinity, while lunching in the restaurant, "that chap behind us in the car is a spy."

"The deuce you say! Who is he spying on?"

"He's watching me and trying to find out my business. He was in the car with me yesterday, when I came up from New York. He must have stopped over in Fredonia, but I never noticed him get off the car. When I saw him on the seat behind us to-day, I didn't think anything of it then, until he let it be known that he was bound for Ozark also."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Terry asked.

"Not a thing, except to load him up with stories about the very things we don't intend to do, so as to throw him off his guard. He must have been sent out there to watch father's clients, and by some means or other he has found out that I have been sent out there, probably in their interest! so you must remain perfectly ignorant of everything and admit nothing about the fact that you are going out West to grow up with the country somewhere."

Having but ten minutes for refreshments, they were soon back in the car again; but the stranger went into the smoker to indulge in a cigar. When he returned he found that the two boys had changed their seats to the opposite side of the aisle, about four feet to the rear of him. He seemed to be a little bit disappointed, when he noticed the change; but as an elderly woman was occupying the seat they had vacated, he evidently thought that they had been dispossessed by her. Fred kept his eye on him, and as night came on he and Terry took berths in the sleeper, thus leaving the car altogether. They met him at the breakfast-table the next morning, and he greeted them as though they were old acquaintances. He again managed to get a seat near them, this time in their front, and kept up a conversation until they reached Omaha.

There they changed cars for Ozark, on the Platte River, nearly one hundred and fifty miles distant from the interior of the State.

"Terry," said Fred, "that fellow says his name is Gridley, and he has tried all the morning to get at the nature of the business that brings me out West. I told him frankly that I was looking out for some place to locate and grow up with the country, and that you were with me, because we were classmates and wanted to settle somewhere together. He doesn't seem to take any stock in my story at all; but we must stick to it and play innocent tenderfeet when we reach Ozark. There is no use of our assuming false names, because he evidently had me spotted in New York and knows who I am; but all the same we must both keep an eye on him and find out what we can about him, without appearing to do so."

"That's all right," laughed Terry. "I'm pretty good at that sort of thing, and if he is trying to play you a game, we'll play it with him for all he is worth."

When they reached the bustling little city of Ozark, they went to the Platte River House, where they registered as F. Fearnot and T. Olcott, of New York. The man Gridley seemed to leave them to shift for themselves, and they saw nothing more of him until after they had been at the hotel several hours. Then he showed up, accompanied by a man who looked somewhat like a lawyer, and they soon learned that he was, through the clerk of the hotel. They noticed the lawyer gazing at them as if sizing them up. There was a breezy, familiar style in vogue among the people they met, no one seeming to stand upon ceremony in the least. The lawyer approached Fred, extended his hand, and remarked:

"I see on the register that you hail from New York State."

"Yes," replied Fred, "I live in New York City; but we are so crowded there I concluded to come out West and look around for a while, to see if I can find a good place in which to grow up with the country."

"Well, how do you want to grow?" the lawyer asked. "Are you a farmer, mechanic, or a professional man?"

"Well, really, I'm not a man at all, yet. I'm only a boy. I haven't adopted any profession. I'm on the lookout for the best opening I can find."

"Well, my name is Badger. I'm a lawyer, know pretty much everybody in the town or county, and if I can serve you in

any way, I will be glad to do so. You don't look like a young man who wants to hire out as a laborer."

"No. I'm not reduced to the necessity of hiring out just at present. If I can see a good opening I may go into some sort of business. I might start a stock farm and raise elephants and giraffes."

"Elephants and giraffes, eh? I hardly think you'd find any demand for such animals in this section."

"Why, there's the biggest sort of a demand for them," laughed Fred. "If I had a pair of each here now, I could take in a hundred dollars a day exhibiting them."

"Yes; but nobody would want to buy them."

"Don't you believe that. If I had a hundred elephants on hand, I could sell them at from four to six thousand dollars each. One elephant is worth as much as fifty horses."

The lawyer looked askance at Fred, and a suspicion crept into his mind that he was being guyed, and in a few moments he slipped away from him.

CHAPTER II.

FRED RUNS UP AGAINST A QUEER CUSTOMER.

Lawyer Badger felt quite indignant that a youth like Fred should undertake to guy him, and the more he thought about it the madder he became.

"If he came out here to grow up on cheek, he'll miss it," he remarked to himself. "I've a notion to set old Tom Bloodgood after him, and if he tries that sort of a game on him he'll get slapped all round the hotel; for the old fellow won't have it."

Bloodgood was a wealthy land owner of the place, of an extremely testy, snappish temperament, and a gruff manner. He had the reputation also of being well able to take care of himself, in the free, easy Western way that had long been a puzzle to Easterners. He was always on the lookout for new arrivals from the East, at the three hotels in the town, in the hope of selling them real estate. Hence it was thought quite natural by him that the lawyer should give him the information he did, which was to the effect that two very young men were at the Platte River House, just arrived from New York, who were looking around either for an investment or some kind of business that would induce them to settle in the town. Of course, the old man lost no time in repairing to the hotel, where he inquired of the clerk for a young Fearnot, of New York. The clerk pointed him out, and he at once walked over to Fred, who was quietly reading a newspaper.

"You are from New York, I hear, sir," said he, taking a chair and drawing up alongside of Fred.

"Yes, sir."

"Is this your first visit West?"

"Oh, no, I've been West before; but I never was in this place until I arrived here to-day."

"How much farther West have you been?"

"Oh, I've been to San Francisco and ten thousand miles beyond there."

"Oh, you have, eh? Where did you fetch up, then, ten thousand miles beyond 'Frisco?"

"Japan, China, Ceylon, through the Red Sea and on to Europe."

"What in thunder were you doing away out there?" and the old fellow's blunt, gruff way of pronouncing his question nettled Fred at first; but he saw that it was a personal characteristic, and so overlooked it.

"I was taking a trip around the world," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, been around the world, eh? That's a pretty big trip for a chap like you to make."

"Oh, yes; but I saw some a good deal younger than I was, on the same trip. In fact, I saw a babe not more than six months old and a little boy not more than seven months old making the trip."

"I reckon they had their mammy with them, didn't they?"

"Yes, and a nurse, too. I believe their dad was along, also."

"Didn't have your dad along with you, though, eh?"

"No. I had a friend with me, about my own age, and he is out here with me now."

"Can he tell as big stories as you can?"

"I rather think he can beat me at it," laughed Fred; "but he's not as good at asking questions as you are."

That staggered the old fellow for a moment or two; but he returned with the query:

"How is a man to know if he don't ask questions?"

"Well, asking questions is a mighty good way to find out things," Fred replied; "but it is hardly the proper thing for one stranger to ask another questions about his private, personal affairs."

"Then you don't like my questions?"

"Well, I can't say that I'm charmed by them; but at the same time I'm not hurt at all. It's a little amusing to me, though, to find that it's the custom out here to make a fellow give an account of himself as soon as he arrives."

"Well, business is business, you know."

"Well, but you haven't been talking about business at all. If you have I haven't been able to catch on to it. If you have anything for sale you haven't mentioned it. If you want to buy anything you haven't said so. What the deuce are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Have you got anything for sale?" Bloodgood asked.

"Well, I've got a little money that I'm willing to give in exchange for anything I want."

"Well, do you want any land?"

"Yes; I want the whole earth; and if I can get it cheap enough I'll buy it."

"Well, I've got a few little pieces of the earth here, both in town and out, and if you want to buy any of it I'm ready to sell it to you at a fair price."

"Well, if I take a notion to buy any about here, I'll call on you, if you'll let me know your name."

"My name's Bloodgood. Anybody in Ozark can tell you where to find me; but you'd better understand at once that we don't do business on wind out here, nor sell on cheek."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that; for judging from what I've read in the papers, wind and cheek are the two most important factors in this part of the country. I had a friend who bought a tract of land in the adjoining county from this, last year, and he got a lawyer to search the titles for him. They were pronounced good, and he paid the cold, hard cash down on the spot. Within thirty days, three other men showed up with titles for the same tract. I wouldn't buy a piece of land in this State until I traced it back to the man who first marked it out after the creation and claimed it as his own, and got the whole chain of titles running back thousands of years before Christopher Columbus discovered America."

"You can't get no titles for land in this State beyond the date of the Government grant, and there can't be no disputes about such titles."

"No, I suppose not; but I've understood that there is an average of about five forged titles to every tract of land in this State."

"Oh, you fellows in the East think we are a lot of thieves out here, when you've got at least ten convicts in New York prisons to where we have one in Nebraska."

"That's it," laughed Fred. "We've got ours locked up, but out here they are all loose. The trouble is you don't catch them and punish them as they ought to be."

"Well, don't you go to taking us for thieves out here, or you'll miss it, young man."

"I don't intend to do so, sir. I make it a rule to treat every man as a gentleman, till he proves to be otherwise. You are the second man who has tackled me to-day, under the impression that I am a young fool from the East, and it has really amused me at the way you proceed to size me up."

"I reckon I've sized you up about right," muttered the old fellow. "You're the biggest liar for your age that I ever ran up against."

Terry, who was sitting about five feet away from Fred, burst into a laugh. Bloodgood turned to him and asked:

"Ain't I right, young man?"

"No," replied Terry. "I've known him for years and I don't think he ever told a lie in his life. If you're no better judge of a man than that, I'm surprised that you've lived as long as you have."

"Oh, you two are a pair. Liars are as common out here as prairie grass, and everybody knows them when they see one."

"They're all liars, are they?" Fred asked.

"Yes, mighty nigh all of them."

"Well, where do you place yourself? Are you one of them, too?"

"No, of course not. My word is as good as my bond in this town, which you can find out by asking any man in it."

"They're pretty nearly all liars, then, except you, eh?" Fred asked. "I've seen such men as you before. I wouldn't think for a moment of doing business with a good man. You are too good entirely and it would be the part of wisdom for any man to have no business dealings with you. I dare say you say

your prayers three times a day, go to church twice on Sundays and groan for the sins of the entire community."

Bloodgood rose to his feet, snorting with rage, seized Fred by the coat collar, took his chair from under him and then proceeded to hold him out at arm's length and shake him as a terrier would a rat. There were about a dozen men at the other end of the room, talking and smoking, who at once turned to watch old Bloodgood's proceeding. He was a big, brawny fellow, who had Fred at a disadvantage, and the crowd were laughing at the situation.

"I guess you'd better take your hands off me," remarked Fred, very coolly.

"Yes, of course; there's my foot"; and he gave Fred a kick in the rear that nearly raised him off the floor, at the same time releasing his hold on his coat collar.

Quick as a flash Fred wheeled and went at him like a thunderbolt. He gave him a blow straight from the shoulder with his right, followed it up with his left, and then let him have another in the stomach that doubled him up like a jack-knife. Then a fourth blow landed on his ear that nearly rolled him on the floor.

Exclamations of astonishment burst from a number of the onlookers, who immediately rushed to the scene, where they saw Fred down the old fellow as fast as he rose to his feet, until he had fallen to the floor four times. While he was as strong as two ordinary men, he was as clumsy as an ox, and knew as little about the science of sparring as a mule does of astronomy. The landlord of the hotel wanted to interfere and put a stop to it.

"Keep out of the way, now," said Fred. "When he gets enough, let him say so. He is a good deal older than I am; but a thousand years carries no more privilege than a score."

"But I won't have any fighting in my house," said the landlord.

"Well, if you don't want any fight, keep out of it," retorted Fred, dealing Bloodgood a fifth blow as he tried to regain his feet.

"That's right, that's right," said the bystanders, who always enjoyed seeing a fight; and three of them caught hold of the landlord, to hold him.

Just then Bloodgood called out:

"That will do, young man."

"No, it won't do until you have apologized for your ungentlemanly conduct," returned Fred. "Let's have it, or down you go again."

"That's all right. I take it back."

"There is nothing to take back. I want an apology for the kick you gave me."

"Well, I beg your pardon."

"That's all right, then. Now go off in a corner somewhere and sit down and think over the mistake you made. One is never too old to learn, and if you can't see the lesson of this thing, let me know and I'll make a diagram of it for you."

Bloodgood picked up his hat and left the hotel, while those who had witnessed the encounter crowded around Fred and Terry to inquire what it was about. They told, of course, and the crowd laughed heartily over the snag that the brusque old fellow had run up against. Of course, it made Fred very popular with the men present, nearly every one of whom invited him and Terry to drink with them.

"Much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Fred. "I never drink intoxicants. Sometimes I take lemonade."

"Well, nearly everybody out here drinks whisky," remarked one of the men in the party.

"Yes, I'm aware of that; and there are graves all over the West, where occupants would be alive to-day had they never drank whisky."

"How do you expect to get along through the world without drinking whisky?" another asked.

"No trouble in the world," he laughed. "It's the man who drinks whisky who gets left. When a fellow has to take care of himself he needs all of his wits and physical strength to do it, and when he befuddles his brain with strong drink, until his legs wobble under him, he is an easy prey for any one that comes along."

"That's so," assented one of the men; "but a fellow shouldn't drink too much, any more than he should eat too much."

"Very true; but one must eat to live, while drinking intoxicants is not at all necessary. It's like a child handling a razor. He's liable to cut himself at any time. Some people deceive themselves with the idea that they need it, and it may be that sometimes one does; but when there is hard mental or physical work to be done, it is done best with strengthening food, without intoxicants. I have seen a man run one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, in Madison Square Gar-

den, in New York, with plain food and hot coffee for his drink; and every man who backed him with his money would have hedged his bet had he heard that he took even a tablespoonful of whisky."

"Are you a temperance man?" one of them asked.

"I suppose I might be called one, simply by my habits; but I am no fanatic. I simply decide for myself and let every other man do the same. I believe in the largest liberty for the greatest number. If a man wants to drink, it is his right to do so; but he has no right to annoy others, when he is under the influence of drink, any more than when he is sober. One's friends will excuse him for things done with drink, but the laws of every State in the Union hold that drunkenness is no excuse."

"Say," said one, "old Bloodgood has got some pretty strong friends here, and some of them may call you to account for the pummeling you gave him."

"Well, that's another matter. I simply defended myself, and if any one wants to take it up, he is at liberty to do so. I have no apologies to make, nothing to retract."

A little later a number of people who had heard that the brusque fellow had run up against a snag, in the shape of a New York boy, stopping at the Ozark House, came in to make inquiry about it. One of them, a man about forty years of age, on seeing Fred, asked him if he didn't feel ashamed of himself for thrashing a man as old as Bloodgood.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "If old Methuselah were to come along here, seize me by the collar of my coat and throw me around, I'd do my best to rattle his old bones for him. The impudence of old age is far worse than the impudence of youth; for an old man is supposed to know a great deal more than a boy; and when he presumes upon his age and begins to kick a boy, he should have his shirt drawn and nine-and-twenty lashes laid on his bare back."

"You haven't much respect for old age," remarked the man.

"You are mistaken, sir. I have the profoundest respect for gray hairs, but supreme contempt for old fools. There is only one man in the world older than I am who can strike me without getting a blow in return, and he is my father. All others must take their chances, regardless of age."

While he was talking with the elderly man, a tough-looking young citizen came up to Terry and asked him if he saw the fight between the young New Yorker and old Bloodgood.

"Yes," said Terry, and he laughingly explained how it came about.

"Well, he's an uncle of mine, and that young fellow has got me to lick."

"Why, what's the matter with you. Your uncle apologized, and the matter is settled."

"No, it isn't settled. He's got to do some apologizing himself, or lick me."

"Well, I'm pretty sure he won't do any apologizing," laughed Terry.

"Then he'll get the worst licking of his life."

"Do you think you can lick him?" Terry asked.

"Yes, and I don't want but one moment in which to do it."

"Well, don't tackle him until I can make a bet on it with you. I'd like to go you two to one that if you tackle him you'll get licked worse than the old man was. Of course, you mean to fight him with your fists, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, have you any money to put up on it?"

"Yes, I've got fifty dollars in my pocket that I'm willing to put up."

"Well, I'll cover it with a hundred. Let's see if the landlord will hold the stakes," and Terry went to the clerk about it.

"The deuce!" said the clerk; "they won't be allowed to fight here. You can leave the stakes here with me, if you wish to; but they'll have to fight somewhere else."

One of the bystanders overheard the clerk, and was soon in possession of the fact that Bloodgood's nephew wanted to take up the fight, and Fearnot's friend had bet him one hundred dollars against fifty that he would get licked. He whispered the news to the crowd, and the suggestion was made that they go into the billiard-room.

CHAPTER III.

THE PUZZLED COWBOY.

"Who is he, Terry?" Fred asked of his chum, when he heard that there was a young man there who wanted to fight him.

"He's a nephew of the old man," laughed Terry, "and he says that you've got to apologize or lick him, and I bet him a hundred dollars against fifty that you not only won't apologize, but will lick him, if he provokes a fight with you. I may

Just as well make a little money out of it as not. He's a pretty tough-looking chap; but I guess he's like his uncle; thinks that strength is the main thing."

Just then the young man stepped up to Fred, and in a gruff sort of way remarked:

"You struck my uncle in here a while ago, and I want an apology from you for it."

"Why, your uncle has already apologized to me," returned Fred. "It wouldn't be the proper thing for me to turn around and apologize to any one else about it."

"Well, come back in the billiard-room here, then, and we'll settle the matter."

"Why, do you want to take it up?" asked Fred.

"Of course I do. I'll lick you, or you'll lick me."

"All right. I'm your man, sir," and the party made a break for the billiard-room, the doors of which were promptly closed. There were about a score of people present, all of whom knew young Bloodgood to be a pretty tough, rough-and-tumble fighter.

"Say," said one of the party to Terry, "I think your friend is up against a snag this time. Young Bloodgood has had considerable experience in rough-and-tumble fights."

"Well, I bet him two to one that he can't lick him; and I'll give you the same odds if you wish to take them."

"All right," said the fellow, "I'll go you a hundred," and the money was put up with the bartender.

Fred and young Bloodgood threw off their coats, and in the open space in front of the bar confronted each other. Young Bloodgood made a rush at him, aiming a clumsy blow straight at his face. Of course, Fred parried it, sprang nimbly aside, and dealt him one on the ear that laid him flat on the floor at the foot of the bar. He sprang to his feet, rushed at him again, as though his only idea of such a fight was to clinch and throw his man, sit astride of him and punnel him; but Fred was not to be caught that way. He kept out of his reach and rained blows on his face and chest, without receiving a single one in return.

Suddenly the young bully straightened up and glared at him, as though wondering why he couldn't clutch him.

"What's the matter with you?" Fred asked. "You haven't touched me yet."

With a hoarse growl young Bloodgood rushed at him again, like a battering ram, and he got an uppercut on the under side of his jaw that laid him sprawling on the floor. Fred waited quietly till he rose to his feet, and then deliberately dealt him a staggerer on his solar plexus, following it up with another a little higher, until he went down again, almost unconscious. When he rose to his feet he leaned against the bar and glared at the young New Yorker, who asked him if he had enough. He made no reply, and Fred advanced on him, when he put out his right hand, saying:

"Yes, I've got enough."

"All right, then. I don't blame you for standing up for your uncle. You're both much stronger than I am; but you handle yourselves like a couple of calves. You don't know the A-B-C of fighting. I could have my left arm tied to my side and knock the wind out of you inside of three minutes. If you're in a frame of mind to receive a little bit of advice, I'd be very glad to give it to you; and that is, learn to be a gentleman rather than to be a bully," and with that he began putting on his coat.

"Say, Fred, old man," laughed Terry, "I'm in one hundred and fifty dollars on this racket, and I don't mind setting up drinks for the crowd in order to pay rent for the room," and he spent about twenty dollars at the bar, for the benefit of the crowd, he and Fred taking each a drink of lemonade.

Young Bloodgood was the most astonished man ever known in Ozark. He leaned against the bar and stared at Fred, as though he was a wonder, and was heard to say to one of the bystanders:

"I'm not done with you yet."

Terry overheard him, and asked:

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean to tackle him again, in a square, manly way, or to waylay him, like a coward? Which?"

"Oh, I mean to challenge him to a duel with revolvers."

"Oh, that's all right, then. He won't refuse that; but I'll bet you a thousand dollars against one hundred that he can hit a postage stamp stuck on any part of your body, nine times out of ten, at ten, twenty or thirty paces. You want to be sure about your coffin before you go into that sort of business with him. Besides, if you challenge him, he has the right to choose weapons, and he'll be sure to select Remingtons."

Young Bloodgood left the hotel, and by that time night had come on. Fred and Terry went in to supper, where they sat

at table for a half hour or so, quietly conversing as they ate their meals.

"I'm sorry it happened, Terry," said Fred. "I'm afraid it will lead to other difficulties."

"I'm glad it happened," laughed Terry, "for the very fellows that would feel disposed to give us trouble will now do a little thinking before they undertake it."

"Well, we mustn't talk about it. I see quite a number of people outside there, in the main office, and it may be that they are trying to get up a little more excitement in that direction. If they are, I shall go up to my room and retire for the night."

On leaving the supper room, a tall, long-haired cowboy was seen strolling about through the main office, with a revolver stuck in a leather case, hanging to his belt. He walked all around Fred, looked at him, as though sizing him up, and finally asked him:

"Are you the chap who licked the two Bloodgoods?"

"No," he replied, "I'm the chap that got licked."

"Well, they told me you were the one who whipped the old man and his nephew."

"Well, I guess there's a lot of people around here who can't tell the truth," laughed Fred. "I haven't licked anybody yet. I just simply blew my breath strongly on two men and they fell over."

"Howling coyotes!" yelled the cowboy. "What do you mean by telling me such a yarn as that? Surely you don't want to die when you're so far away from home."

"What's the matter with that long-haired fool over there?" called a voice from the rear of the room.

"Long-haired fool, am I?" roared the cowboy, drawing his revolver and making a break for the corner of the room, where a bootblack had his stand under a stairway. "Where's the galoot who called me a long-haired fool?"

"Here I am," said the voice, coming from away down under the stairs in a corner. "You're nothing but a long-haired, long-winded blowhard, who wouldn't fight a coyote unless he was pretty near running from you."

Of course, no one in the hotel knew that Fred was playing one of his ventriloquial tricks except Terry. Fred winked at him and smiled, while the cowboy roared out, over by the bootblack's chair:

"Come out of that, you white-livered coward!"

"Oh, you come in under here," returned the voice. "I've got a little gun, too; and if we get close together there'll be no danger of anybody else getting hurt."

"Where is that galoot?" roared the cowboy, turning to the bootblack.

"Hanged if I know!" was the reply. "He must be down under the stairway there, somewhere."

"Well, I'll fetch him out, dead or alive," and with that he began shooting, keeping it up till he emptied his weapon against the lower corner of the stairway.

Of course, it created a tremendous excitement, and the landlord, porters and bootblacks made a rush for the cowboy, disarmed him and sent for the police. He was taken away and locked up for the night, while a crowd of curiosity seekers remained in and about the hotel, laughing over the incident, but not one of them suspecting the trick that had been played on the cowboy. Fred and Terry retired to their room at an early hour, and the next morning were rather late getting down to breakfast. They wanted to avoid becoming in any way conspicuous, for it was absolutely necessary for Fred to do his work in a quiet way, without arousing suspicion on the part of those whom he was there to look after.

They had no sooner left the breakfast room than they were accosted by Lawyer Badger, who smiled and shook hands with them, remarking:

"I understand you two boys have been enjoying yourselves finely here."

"Yes," laughed Terry; "we had a little fun with the gruff old fellow and his nephew, and after that a crazy cowboy came in and amused us my shooting off his little gun. I guess he took us for tenderfeet and thought we would climb to the top of the flagstaff on the hotel to get out of his way; but I believe he slept in the station-house. We're really pleased at the efforts of the citizens to amuse us."

Badger chuckled and remarked:

"You seem to have enjoyed it very much."

"Of course we enjoyed it. We've seen such things before; but still it's a little diversion that always amuses us. What do they do with a cowboy for shooting off his revolver in a hotel in this town?"

"Oh, he may have to pay a little fine, as long as nobody was

hurt. Perhaps the judge may let him off this morning with a reprimand."

"I hope he won't fine him," remarked Terry. "He seemed to be nothing but a good-natured bluffer."

"He is considered a pretty dangerous sort of a fellow," remarked Badger.

"Well, we didn't see any danger in him last night. A man who is dangerous never talks about shooting before he does shoot. It's the quiet sort of a fellow who doesn't even let you know that he has a gun, until he's ready to draw, who is the most dangerous man to run up against."

"Well, what are you two boys going to do here?" the lawyer asked.

"Hanged if I know. We'll look around and see what other amusements are to be had in the town. It's the greatest place for asking strangers questions I was ever in. Everybody we ran up against seemed anxious to find out what we are here for, and they asked all sorts of questions, some in a very blunt sort of way."

"Well, I can explain that to you," said the lawyer. "Nearly every day people arrive here from the East to buy homes and settle down, and people who own real estate are anxious to find out if they want to buy. They're like drummers from the big stores in the large cities, who visit the hotels on the lookout for customers."

"Well, how long will it take them to get through with us?" Fred asked, speaking up for the first time.

"Not until you buy, or they become satisfied that you don't wish to buy," was the reply.

"Then we'll have to get up a placard to wear on our breasts, telling what we want and what we don't want, in order to have a little quiet."

"That's hardly necessary," smiled Badger. "It's very easy to tell a man whether you want to buy or not."

New arrivals reached the hotel about that time, and Fred and Terry were left to amuse themselves by looking on at the way certain citizens sized up the newcomers and compared notes, after examining the names on the register at the clerk's desk.

"Great Scott, Fred!" whispered Terry, "there's old Bloodgood, and the discolorations under his eyes look like war clouds."

"Yes," returned Fred, "and he's carrying a big walking stick in his hand, almost as large as a baseball bat. He didn't have it with him yesterday."

"It looks like war again," remarked Terry.

"Yes; but if he assails me with such a weapon as that, I'll be at a disadvantage, unless I draw and shoot. A man could kill an ox with that club. I guess we'd better go out and take a walk about the town."

"All right, let's do so," and they slipped out of the hotel, without having been seen by old Bloodgood, who was busy overlooking the new arrivals.

They strolled about the town quite a while, finding it a bustling, thriving little city, with buildings going up in almost every quarter. Everybody seemed to be busy.

"The town is growing, Terry," remarked Fred.

"Yes, no doubt of that."

"It wouldn't be a bad place to make an investment."

"No, I was thinking about that; but I guess before we do anything of that kind, we'd better look around and make sure that you will get what you pay for; for they're up to all kinds of swindling games in this part of the country."

"Yes, that's true."

They walked on still farther, until they passed the outskirts of the town, where the houses were more scattered.

"This is a good farming region through here, Fred," remarked Terry.

"Yes, and it's bound to build up the town to nearly twice or three times its present size. We'll go over to that farm-house, get a drink of water, and we'll go back"; and they started off from the roadside to a pretty little farm-house with two barns and other outhouses in the rear of it. They were within a hundred yards of it, when a man came out wearing a pair of cowhide boots, red shirt and a big slouch hat, carrying a Remington rifle in his hand.

"Stop right there, boys," called out the farmer.

Of course they stopped, and the farmer advanced upon them with the query:

"What do you want here?"

"Well, we were just walking out from town, and as we were about to return we came up here for a drink of water."

"That's all right. There's the well over there; help yourselves."

They went to the well, drew a bucket of water, and while

they were doing so the farmer leaned against the curbing, eyeing them suspiciously.

"Where are you boys from?" asked the farmer.

"We came from New York," answered Fred. "We reached Ozark yesterday and have been looking around."

"Own any property out here?"

"No; not a dollar's worth."

"Got any mortgage on any property out here?"

"No."

His answers seemed to relieve the farmer, who at once became very communicative. He said that he had bought and paid for his farm, and about a year later a man came along, claiming to have a mortgage on it for a thousand dollars.

"He wants me to either pay it or get off the place, and that's why I eat, sleep and work with this 'ere gun hung over my shoulders, or lying alongside of me. I told the chap that I'd neither pay nor get off, and that I'd kill anybody who tried to put me off, be he the Governor of the State or the sheriff of the county."

"How long have you been standing guard that way?" Fred asked.

"Nigh on to four months, mister."

"Well, why don't you get after the fellow you bought the farm from and make pay the mortgage?"

"He didn't give the mortgage," said the farmer. "The fellow he bought it from gave it, and heaven only knows where he is."

"Well, you don't hope to be able to hold out against the officers of the law, do you? You know they can call out the militia to enforce the law."

"Yes, I know that; but the militia don't do it. They won't help out a swindle of that kind. I've stood off about a dozen different parties. The sheriff came out with two deputies to arrest me; but they finally went back and gave it up. If the man who holds the mortgage wants the place, if he'll pay me back what I paid he can take it; but if he doesn't he can only get it when I'm dead."

Just then four men on horseback were seen coming along the road, and when opposite the farm-house, turned and rode in the direction of it, as if to reach the well where Fred and Terry were talking with the farmer. There was a look of grim determination in the farmer's face as he started to meet them, rifle in hand, calling out sternly:

"Stop right there, now," and the four horsemen stopped, while one of them proceeded to dismount and advance toward them.

CHAPTER IV.

FRED AND TERRY ARE ARRESTED.

"Fred, I've heard of such things before," remarked Terry, as the two stood at the well, watching the farmer holding up the four horsemen.

"Yes; so have I. He's got right on his side, and I don't blame the man for defending his property, even at the cost of human life. The man who holds a mortgage may be an innocent victim, as well as the farmer; but that's his lookout. He's probably got the law on his side; but it's strange that the law doesn't require that all such mortgages shall be recorded with the title deeds. Then a purchaser could easily find out whether or not there is any incumbrance on the property."

"Say, Fred, they're quarreling," whispered Terry, who had kept his eyes on the farmer and the spokesman of the four horsemen all the time.

"I don't want to hurt you, Bill," they heard the farmer say; "but this 'ere's my property. I paid my money for it, and I never put a mortgage on it, and I'm going to defend it if I have to kill every deputy sheriff and mortgage holder in the State; and I'm not going to have any papers served on me, either; and if you come any closer your friends will take you back home dead."

"Who are those two young men there with you, Joe?" the man asked, looking at Fred and Terry standing by the well.

"They are friends of mine, Bill."

The man, who turned out to be a deputy sheriff, stared at Fred and Terry for a few moments, and then asked if one of them wouldn't come to him.

"No," said the farmer, whose name was Joe. "They don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Well, I just wanted to talk with one of them a few minutes," said the deputy sheriff.

"I haven't anything to do with this matter," sang out Fred, "and don't wish to."

"That's it," said the farmer. "I don't wish to draw any of my friends into the trouble."

"All right, then," returned the deputy, turning on his heels and going back to his horse, whereupon he sprang into the saddle and rode away with his companions.

"Well, you got rid of them very nicely," laughed Fred, as the farmer returned to the well.

"Yes, Bill Turner, the deputy sheriff, is a friend of mine, and I wouldn't like to hurt him. Of course, he's got to try to do his duty; but he knows I'm right and that I'd shoot my best friend in defence of my rights."

"What did he want to do?"

"I reckon he wanted to serve some papers on me; but I never let him get close enough to do it."

"What do you think he wanted to talk with me about?"

"I don't know, unless he thought that he might be able to win you over to his side."

"Well, let me tell you, sir, that that is something that can't be done. I'm a law-abiding citizen always; but there are times, and I believe this is one of them, when a man is justified in defending his rights by force of arms."

"That's it; that's it; and you can bet all you've got that I'm going to defend mine as long as I can pull a trigger."

"Do you know who those other fellows were with the deputy sheriff?"

"Yes; one of them was a lawyer, who was a partner of Lawyer Badger."

"Ah! is that so? I know Badger; made his acquaintance at the hotel yesterday. Is he engaged in much of this sort of business?"

"Yes; there ain't a bigger rascal in Ozark than Badger, and his partner, Tripp, isn't any better."

"Well, do you know of a good, square lawyer anywhere in Ozark?" Fred asked.

"Yes. Lawyer Bunting is a square man. He hasn't got much practice, is a young man, not thirty years old yet, who has only been two years in Ozark, and he has refused to have anything to do with that sort of law business."

"Why don't you have him take care of your case?"

"I did go to see him; but he shook his head and said that there was no way to fight it in the courts, because the law was against me. Then I told him I'd defend it with my Remington, and he squeezed my hand, without saying a word, which plainly meant that I was right; but of course he couldn't advise me to do it."

"Where is his office?" Fred asked.

"It's on Lincoln street. You can see the sign as you go down the street from the post-office."

"Well, I want to see him and have a talk with him," remarked Fred.

A few minutes later they shook hands with the farmer and strolled on back into the town and started for their hotel; but before they reached there they decided to call on Lawyer Bunting and have a talk with him. They found him in his office, introduced themselves to him and told him what they had witnessed out at Joe Blenker's farm.

"Yes," said he; "Blenker is having a hard time of it. He paid spot cash for his farm, and it is all he has in the world; but of course he will lose it, if they succeed in foreclosing the mortgage, which they can't do until they first serve notice of foreclosure on him, which they have not yet been able to do."

"Is there no way of protecting a man from such an outrage in this State?"

"No," said the lawyer, shaking his head. "The mortgage is legal, properly drawn and attested, and his only relief lies in forcing the man who got the money to take it up himself; but he has skipped out to parts unknown, and the chances are that even if found he could only be punished for swindling."

"Have the courts no discretion in settling such cases?"

"Very little. They are compelled to administer the law as they find it. The whole trouble lies in the law itself, which has failed to make provision for the recording of such papers in the office of the country clerk."

Fred then held quite a conversation with the lawyer, in which he said he was willing to pay for legal information on certain points of local law.

"I'm at your service, sir," said the young lawyer. "You can command me at any time. I could have a very heavy practice if I would consent to help out certain rascally men in carrying on swindles, under forms of law."

After spending nearly an hour with the lawyer, Fred and Terry left his office and started to return to the hotel. They had scarcely reached there, when Lawyer Badger accosted Fred, saying:

"I hear you have been out to Blenker's place and assisted him in defying the officers of the law."

"Well, we walked out that far and were at the well talking with him, when the officers came up; but we had nothing to do with either him or the officers, other than to stand there and look on, until the latter went away."

"Well, they came back with a different story, and there is a warrant out for the arrest of both of you."

"The deuce you say! Upon what charge?"

"Interfering with officers in the discharge of duty."

"Well, somebody had to swear to it. Who did it?"

"I guess it was the deputy sheriff and those who were with him."

"Well, if they swear that we in any way interfered, they have committed perjury."

"There's no perjury about it," remarked a man stepping up and laying a hand on Fred's shoulder. He proved to be one of the men in the deputy sheriff's party.

"You'll have to go with me to the court."

"Have you the warrant with you?" Fred asked.

"No, the deputy sheriff has it."

"Then kindly take your hand off me, unless you can show a warrant."

"Oh, none of that, now," said the man, tightening his grip on Fred's coat collar; but the next moment he got a blow on his solar plexus that sent him reeling over against Lawyer Badger, who caught him in time to prevent him from falling to the floor. He drew his revolver and Fred drew his, covering him with it first, saying:

"Drop that gun, now, or you are a dead man!"

"I'm a deputy sheriff," said the man, holding his weapon hesitatingly.

"I don't care if you are Governor of the State. Come to me with a warrant for my arrest and I'll submit. Try to arrest me without one and you'll find me a difficult sort of a prisoner. Drop that gun, now, or in one minute I'll slug you!"

Lawyer Badger took the pistol out of the man's hand, put it in his own pocket, after which Fred put up his, with the remark:

"Come on with a warrant, now, and you will find me a different sort of a prisoner."

Of course the incident created considerable excitement in and about the hotel. Some ten or fifteen minutes later the deputy sheriff came with a warrant for the arrest of Fred Fearnot and Terry Olcott, charged with interfering with officers of the law in the discharge of their duty.

"That's all right, we are law-abiding citizens," said Fred. "We are ready to go with you," and they accompanied the officers to the court-house, where the county magistrate was holding court.

There Fred inspected the warrants and boldly declared before the judge that they had been issued upon false, perjured testimony, or information.

"Well, I'll hold you to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars each," said the magistrate, "and will hear the case one week from to-day."

"Lawyer Badger stepped up to Fred's side and offered his services in securing bail for him."

"Thank you," returned Fred. "I guess I don't need your services. I am able to put up the money," and beckoning to the landlord of the hotel, who had followed them to the courtroom, he showed him drafts on New York, which he deposited in his hands as security, and the proprietor at once went on their bail bond.

Lawyer Badger was evidently disappointed.

"Now, sir," said Fred, turning to the deputy sheriff, "I don't know anything about your past life; but I think I will be able to show that you have made the mistake of your life in swearing out that warrant; for you swore falsely."

"I'm not in the habit of swearing falsely, sir," said the deputy, rather stiffly.

"I don't know anything about your habits, sir," retorted Fred; "but you have committed perjury in this case, and I don't hesitate to say so right to your face."

The deputy sheriff's face flushed with anger; but he controlled himself, simply replying:

"I'm not through with you yet, young man."

"Ah! there you told the truth, for you will find when you are through with me that I am not through with you. I may be a tenderfoot, but you'll find me a pretty tough one."

"That's all right, young man. We know how to deal with chaps like you."

"I've no doubt you think you do. Two others ran up against us yesterday, under the same impression; but they soon found out their mistake."

Before they left the court-house Fred was served with another warrant, charged with striking an officer in the discharge of duty, sworn out by Assistant Deputy Sheriff Morgan. He was the one who had attempted to arrest him without a warrant. Again he gave bail and then in turn swore out a warrant for the arrest of Morgan for attempted illegal arrest, and as he had nearly a score of witnesses who heard Morgan admit to him that he had no warrant, he had the officer in a pretty tight place.

That evening, at the hotel, Lawyer Bunting came in and in the course of a conversation with Terry informed him that he and Fred were bucking against a ring, who were in the habit of running things their own way, and that the judge was a strong personal friend of all the leaders in it.

"He is a very good judge," he remarked; "but he is disposed to lean toward the side of his friends, when he can do so without glaringly exposing himself to criticism. He is an intimate friend of Badger and Tripp, the legal lights of the ringsters."

"But what are they trying to down us for?" Terry asked. "What harm have we done them?"

"None whatever. They are simply trying to make you a cat's-paw with which to catch Joe Blenker."

"Well, how are they going to catch him by arresting us?"

"Why, he declared that you were his friends, when the deputy sheriff was out at his place yesterday, and they think that by arresting you two we will have to come into court as a witness in your behalf. Then papers can be served on him in foreclosure proceedings."

"Great Scott!" said Terry, "I see through the whole game. We never saw him in our lives before yesterday, and that remark that we were friends of his was simply a bluff, or a figure of speech, because he held us up with his rifle when we approached his house. He became very friendly after he found out that we were from New York and had been but twenty-four hours in the town. I must see Fred about that," and as the latter was conversing with another party some little distance away, he went over to him, took him aside and told him what Lawyer Bunting had said.

"Well, it's a dirty trick," remarked Fred. "The man I was just talking to told me we were up against a pretty tough ring of politicians and speculators. I was up against a thing of that kind once before, you remember; but by a bit of good luck we beat them."

He then went over to Bunting, had a little talk with him, and found out that he had the right to take his case from before the presiding judge and carry it into another court, where a very upright judge was presiding.

"Well, I'll see about that," he remarked, and at a very late hour he and Terry retired.

Early the next morning they made their way out to Blenker's farm, and were again met by the farmer with his inevitable Remington.

"Well, what do you two boys want now?" Blenker asked.

"I've come out to put you on your guard, so that you can avoid a trap that's been laid for you," replied Fred, who explained to him all about the arrest in town the day before.

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" and he began chuckling, ending in a regular horse laugh.

"Don't worry about that," he said. "The deputy sheriff didn't know that I had two neighbors and two hired men in the house when he was out here yesterday who saw and heard everything that passed; so they will be witnesses enough, without me."

"Great Scott, what luck!" exclaimed Fred, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "Do you mind giving me the names of those men?"

"No. I can call out the three hired men now, and you can talk with them. My two neighbors live down the road just about a half mile from here. I'll give you their names and you can go and see them."

"Well, I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for this"; and he proceeded to talk with the two hired men, whom he found to be hard-working, intelligent fellows, who repeated to him and Terry just what happened the day before.

Then they went on down the road, to the farms of the two neighbors, who had been witnesses of the deputy sheriff's visit. They, too, were equally as well informed about what took place as the two hired men, and they repeated to Fred every bit of conversation that passed at the time. Fred asked them if they would appear in court as witnesses for him, and they said they would; for they were down on the ring that was running things with such a high hand in the town.

"Now, don't say a word about it to any one," said Fred, "and you will be notified when to appear in court."

"All right," they said; and the two returned to town, where they had an interview with Lawyer Bunting again.

"You are fortunate," said Bunting, "in having those witnesses. I hardly think that Judge Brown would in any way dare favor the ringsters. He will probably dismiss the warrant; but if you manage it right, you may catch the deputy sheriff and his assistants in committing perjury, which they probably won't hesitate to do, thinking that you haven't a single witness to contradict them."

"Well, see here now," said Fred. "I may need your assistance. I have a pretty good idea of legal proceedings myself; but, of course, am not posted on your State laws. I want to retain you as advisory counsel. I want to fight this case myself, retaining you as simply a guard against any legal technicalities."

Bunting was somewhat astonished, and asked Fred if he had any experience in such matters.

"Yes, a little bit," he replied. "My father is a lawyer in New York, and I have had some little experience in his office, and attended to legal business for him on several occasions."

"That's all right, then," said Bunting. "I am at your service at any and all times."

On their return to the hotel the man whom they suspected of being a spy on the train that brought them to Ozark stopped to converse with them.

"I hear you two boys have gotten into trouble," he remarked.

"Well, I don't know whether it's going to be any trouble or not. We have found a tough lot of fellows who have been trying to make trouble for us ever since we arrived in the city; but I'm not certain yet who is going to get the best of it."

"Well, I know all these fellows, and if I can be of any assistance to you I will gladly render it."

"I don't think you could be of any assistance to us," returned Fred, "because they are your friends and it is not reasonable to suppose that you would do anything to displease them."

"Well, but I might settle the matter for you outside of court; for if you let the case against you come to trial, you may find yourself pretty heavily fined, if not sent to jail."

"I'm not worrying about that at all. I don't think I will either be fined or locked up."

"I think you are making a great mistake," said the man.

"It is possible," assented Fred. "It is a very common thing for people to make mistakes. At the same time I'm going to follow my own judgment in the matter."

"Have you any counsel?"

"See here, my friend," said Fred, turning on him quickly. "I would like it better if you would show less interest in my personal affairs. Don't worry yourself on my account at all. I don't need any assistance or advice from you. You are in with the very fellows who are playing this game; not so much to injure me as to swindle an honest man out of his home-
stead."

"What in thunder do you mean?" the man asked, somewhat taken aback.

"I mean just exactly what I say, and have no explanations to make"; and with that he turned away, very abruptly, and joined Terry, who was talking with the hotel clerk at the desk.

The man turned and left the hotel, going straight to the office of Badger and Tripp, to whom he reported his interview with young Fearnot.

"And didn't you find out whether or not he was going to have Blenker appear as a witness for him?" Badger asked.

"No. He didn't give me a chance to. He shut me off rather abruptly and turned away from me."

"Have you heard whether or not he has made any inquiries about the cases on which you were sent out here from New York?"

"Not a word. He is the sharpest chap for his age I have ever met, and the young fellow with him is equally as bright. They may be tenderfeet, but the man who gets the best of them has got to draw mighty quick."

"Well, when we get them in jail for thirty days for interfering with the deputy sheriff we'll have them out of the way long enough to accomplish our ends."

CHAPTER V.

HOW FRED ASTONISHED LAWYER BADGER.

A couple of days passed, and the case against Fred Fearnot for resisting an arrest, without a warrant, came up. About a dozen men who had become fast friends of his and Terry

were in court as witnesses for him. When the charge was read against him he pleaded not guilty. The assistant deputy sheriff went on the witness stand and told his story, and when he had finished it, in order to make it stronger, Lawyer Badger asked him questions, and when he was through, Fred took him in hand and proceeded to cross-examine him.

"You are an assistant deputy sheriff of this county, are you not?" was the first question Fred asked.

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"How long have you been serving in that capacity?"

"Two years."

"Are you in the habit of arresting people without a warrant?"

"Well, I have done it several times."

"Under what circumstances?"

The witness stammered and was unable to recall any particular case, except one, in which a man was fleeing from arrest, after having committed a crime.

"Well, in that case, every citizen of the State has the same right, hasn't he?"

"I don't know about that."

"What? Don't you know that every citizen has the right to apprehend a criminal, who is fleeing from justice or arrest, and that, too, without a warrant?"

"No, I don't know it," said the witness.

"Then you are not up to the average in the matter of intelligence. Your counsel, here, or his Honor, the judge, could enlighten you a little on that point. Now, when you attempted to arrest me the other day, at the Ozark House, you knew that there was a warrant in the hands of the deputy sheriff, who had not put in an appearance with it, did you not?"

"Yes."

"And you knew, furthermore, that your counsel here had informed me that such a warrant had been issued, did you not?"

"Yes, I'd heard of it."

"And you heard me say to Mr. Badger that I was a law-abiding citizen, and I would accompany any officer who produced a warrant for my arrest; yet you attempted to arrest me without any warrant?"

"Yes, I did that, because I had reason to believe that you would try to make your escape after you heard a warrant was out for you," replied the witness.

"Oh, indeed. Kindly tell his Honor what reasons you had for believing such a thing."

He turned to the judge and commenced a story that was purely imaginary; but before he had half finished it the judge cut him short by saying:

"I do not see that the defendant made any motion to leave the house, and therefore you had no right to arrest him without a warrant. The case is dismissed."

"Now, your Honor," said Fred, "I am ready to proceed against him in a suit for illegal arrest."

"That is a civil suit," said the judge, "and it will have to be tried in another court."

"I am well aware of that, your Honor, and I wanted to have you dispose of it in that way. But there is another side to it that brings it under the jurisdiction of this court, and that is the perjury committed when the warrant was applied for. He went before a county magistrate and made oath to things that had no foundation in truth, and the highest proof is in the decision your Honor has just rendered in dismissing it altogether. He swore in malice, knowing at the time that he was perjuring himself."

"Your Honor!" exclaimed Badger, rising to his feet, "the assistant deputy sheriff believed he was discharging his duty at the time he attempted to make the arrest. Hence there can be no malice aforethought in his swearing out the warrant."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," retorted Fred.

"No," returned Badger; "but it disposes of the charge of malice. He believed at the time that he had a right to make the arrest without a warrant."

"Your Honor," said Fred, turning towards the judge, "I have two witnesses now present in this room who will swear that they heard the assistant deputy ask the counsel if he had the right to swear out that warrant, and was told that he had, and in addition advised him to do it at once."

Badger was staggered, and the judge seemed very much embarrassed as he looked at the well-known lawyer.

"Who are the witnesses that will swear to that?" Lawyer Badger asked.

"They are here in this court-room; men of families, property and first-class reputations. I will call them up, that you may meet them face to face," and turning to two well-known

citizens who were in the audience, he asked them to come forward.

Badger was dumfounded. They were old citizens, whose veracity could not be questioned.

"This is all out of order, gentlemen," said the judge. "The court cannot take cognizance of it until properly presented."

"I presume your Honor means the charge against the counsel," asked Fred.

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I must ask your Honor, on the testimony of these two citizens, that a charge of perjury lie against the assistant deputy sheriff, and that he be arrested and locked up, unless good and sufficient bail is given."

"It was such a clear case that the judge at once ordered the sheriff to place his assistant deputy under arrest and lock him up, and that was the end of the case."

Badger was furious, and he turned to Fred, hissing through his clenched teeth:

"Young man, you will yet wish you had never been born!"

"That threat is in exact keeping with the men of your character, sir," retorted Fred. "I am of the opinion that you will be disbarred, on account of general bad character, in less than thirty days. You are a disgrace to the profession of the law."

"Wait, wait!" hissed Badger.

"Oh, yes; I can afford to wait. You picked me up for a tenderfoot, and I assure you it affords me a great deal of pleasure to show you your mistake"; and with that he walked past him, and on the sidewalk, in front of the post-office, was stopped by a dozen or more people, who shook hands with him and congratulated him on his success.

"Are you a lawyer?" one of them asked.

"No, I am simply the son of a lawyer; but I've picked up a pretty fair idea of legal proceedings by watching cases and reading about them. There is always a streak of right in law, which can be brought out if one goes at it in the right way. I know very little about technicalities; but in making a headlong plunge to the truth, one can generally catch up with it."

Lawyer Bunting joined him, shook hands with him, and remarked:

"I never saw Badger so hard hit before. He is an implacable enemy, with quite a crowd of friends around him, who are always ready to do his bidding."

"Yes, I have sized him up just about that way; and now it will be a case for you or some other member of the bar in this town, to proceed against him, to have him disbarred; and when the case against me comes up, about resisting officers in discharge of duty, out at the Blenker place, his partner, Tripp, may get himself into a similar scrape."

That evening at the hotel, a man in the bar-room was heard denouncing "that New York kid," in most unmeasured terms. Some one spoke to Terry about it, and he, knowing that quite a number of stanch friends of Badger were in the house, went in and listened to him. He was a burly fellow, not a little under the influence of drink, had been an alderman of the town and had quite a following of the rough element.

"What do you know about that New York kid?" he asked of the fellow, who turned and looked at him.

"I don't know anything about him. Who are you?"

"Well, if you don't know anything about him, what in thunder are you abusing him for?"

"What business is that of yours?" the bully asked.

"About the same as it is yours to abuse him," responded Terry. "He's a friend of mine. I know all about him, and you don't know anything about him, as you've just admitted. You talk just like a fellow whose ears are tied over the top of his head. Now, I will set up drinks for the crowd if you'll mention a single thing that Fearnot has done since he reached this town that any square man would be ashamed of."

"Why, he accused the best lawyer in town to-day of being everything mean, when everybody in Ozark knows that Badger is one of the most honorable men in the county."

"Hold on, now," said Terry, "don't get the cart ahead of the horse. Two better men than Badger rose up in court to appear against him, as having overheard him inciting another to commit perjury, and it seems that the judge, himself, sided with him. How is it that you're not denouncing the two citizens and the judge, as well as Fearnot? You seem to have lost some of your buttons."

The crowd laughed and the fellow became furiously angry. He threatened to wipe up the floor with Terry.

"You'd better wipe off your chin," laughed Terry, "and wash out your mouth. You seem to be a very dirty sort of a fellow inside, judging from your talk."

"I'll show you what sort of a fellow I am," and the fellow struck straight from the shoulder at Terry's face.

There is no use in trying to conceal the fact that Terry was just a little bit spoiling for a fight. He was never like Fred in that respect; for the latter always tried to avoid a fight, just as long as he could do so in an honorable way. He parried the blow and delivered one in return square on the bully's mouth, setting his lips against his teeth in rather a bad way. Being almost Fred's equal as a master of the art of self-defence, he put in blows as quick as lightning flashes, until the ex-alderman went down on the floor, near the bar against which he was leaning. Of course, they were instantly separated, and when the ex-alderman arose to his feet he was considerably dazed. Somebody caught Terry around the waist and drew him away.

"That's all right," he laughed. "I never hit a man when he is down."

"Yes; but we don't want any shooting here," said the friend.

"Well, who's talking about shooting?"

"Why, he's a man who will shoot on very slight provocation."

"Yes, but he wouldn't shoot at me unless he got the drop on me, which is something I always look out for"; and with that Terry pulled loose from his friend and walked over to where the ex-alderman was surrounded by several of his cronies.

"Want to try it again, old man?" he asked.

"Yes," roared the bully, reaching for his gun, and his cronies scattered; but before he could draw it he was looking into the muzzle of Terry's revolver.

"I'm just a little too quick for you, old man," laughed Terry. "Let go of your gun, draw your hand out slowly, turning your side a little round this way, so that I can see that you haven't got hold of it."

"You've got the drop on me," said the ex-alderman.

"Of course I have; and it's too bad that a little New York kid like me should get the drop on an old blatherskite like you, isn't it? That's it, now. Raise your hand out, and hold them both above your head. That's right. You're a fine old wind-bag, full of wind and cuss words. You ought to be steamed and fumigated. You're nearly six feet tall, weigh one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds, and yet you're up against it hard, ain't you. You started to draw your gun on an eighteen-year-old boy, who doesn't weigh but one hundred and thirty-five pounds. You're a beautiful specimen of a certain class of people, all over the West, who blow hard all day and dream all night about how they can swindle other people. Now, if somebody will take your gun away from you, I'll give up mine, also. Then we'll pull off our coats, shut the doors and see which of us is the best wildcat in the cage. What do you say to that?"

"That's all right," said the ex-alderman; and the bartender stepped up and relieved them both of their weapons.

No sooner had Terry parted with his gun than the big fellow dashed at him like a bull terrier; but Terry was on the lookout for him, sprang nimbly aside and dealt him blows like thunderbolts, without giving the man a chance to once get him in his clutches. In about two minutes the ex-alderman had enough, for he had not been able to deliver a single blow.

CHAPTER VI.

FRED AND TERRY FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST A RING OF RASCALS.

"Why, you're nothing but an old tenderfoot," remarked Terry, when the ex-alderman gave up the fight. "You shouldn't go round abusing other people until you first learn how to fight."

"I'm no slugger," growled the other.

"No, you draw your gun and get the drop on a fellow and give him no show at all. I suspect you have a private graveyard somewhere for your victims; but you'd better keep a little corner of it for yourself, when New York kids are around."

"Well, see here, kid," remarked one of the ex-alderman's friends, a chunky, thick-set fellow, "you're altogether too fresh. You talk too much entirely."

"Well, when I came in here your friend was talking at a great rate and abusing my friend, who was not here to listen to it; so I took it up and called him down."

"Well, that's all right. Now, it's time for you to shut up," said the thick-set, bullet-headed fellow.

"Do you want to come into it?" Terry asked.

"Yes; and I will if you don't shut up."

"Well, I'm not going to shut up. If you've got any guns or bowie knives on you, turn them over to the bar-keeper and then try your hand at making me shut up."

"All right, I will"; and the fellow passed his revolver over the bar to the bartender, threw off his coat and went at Terry like a bulldog. The latter had sized him up as a man of tre-

mendous strength, and he knew that if he got him in his clutches he'd get the worst of it.

The fellow didn't try to strike him at all, and he received the most terrific punishment in his face as Terry sprang nimbly about, to keep out of his clutches, and rained him blows with right and left. In spite of all he could do the fellow finally got him around the waist, hurled him to the floor, going down with him, thus turning it into a regular rough-and-tumble racket. He finally got Terry by the throat and it was thought it would end in about thirty seconds. The latter, however, squirmed like an eel, twisted his body clear around from under his assailant, and managed to throw his right leg over the man's neck, and by bearing against it pulled his grip loose. The fellow at once tried to regain it; but Terry got his left foot planted against his chest and hurled him from him, after which both sprang to their feet. This time, instead of trying to keep out of his reach, Terry sprang at him, threw his left arm around his neck, while the fellow again clutched him around the body. His right arm being free, he rained a half dozen blows full on his face with such force and rapidity that he sank down on the floor, almost unconscious. Terry wriggled out of his grasp and dealt a few more blows that settled him. He lay quiet on the floor, as if done for. Some one caught him by the coat collar and pulled him off, with the remark:

"That will do. You don't want to kill him, do you?"

"No, of course not. He is the first man I ever struck when he was down, and I wouldn't have done it had he not begun that sort of thing."

Of course, every door of the billiard-room was locked, and no one outside knew what was going on in there. The man who was holding Terry was one of the ex-alderman's friends.

"Better let go of me now," Terry suggested to him. "I don't want him to get up and jump on me while I'm held by you."

"There's no danger of that," said the other. "Only I think this thing has gone far enough."

"Well, it will go a good deal farther if you don't take your hands off of me, sir"; and the gleam in Terry's eyes had the effect of making the man let go his grip on him.

The other fellow was raised to his feet by two of his friends, and the first thing he said was:

"Give me my gun."

"Oh, want your gun, eh? Just hand me mine, also," said Terry to the bar-keeper, reaching his hands over the bar in the direction of the man in charge.

"Neither one of you will get your guns," replied the bar-keeper. "You turned them over to settle the matter with your fists. Now, let it stop there."

"That's all right, then," returned Terry. "I'm willing to settle it that way; but if he wants to use bullets, let us get outside of the town, mark off ten paces and let the best man win. All the bullies in Nebraska can't bluff me."

"Oh, let the matter end where it is," suggested several.

"I'm willing to do that," said Terry; "but if he isn't satisfied, I'm ready to go on with it, with any sort of a weapon he may choose. I'll fight him with fence rail, Remingtons, bowie knives, or revolvers; anything to accommodate him."

By this time there was a good deal of knocking on the door that connected the billiard-room with the main office of the hotel, and the voice of the proprietor was heard demanding that it be opened.

"I've got to open the door, gentlemen," said the man in charge of the billiard tables.

"All right, open it," said the ex-alderman, and the door was opened. About a dozen men rushed in after the proprietor, among whom was Fred, who at once made his way to Terry's side. The latter was still in his shirt sleeves, his collar and cravat torn, and his clothes quite soiled from contact with the floor.

"What's the matter, Terry?" he asked.

"Just a little scrimmage," was the reply.

"Who got the worst of it?" Fred asked.

"Ask the other fellow," and he proceeded to put on his coat, after which he left to go up to his room to change his collar, shirt and cravat.

Fred went with him, and up in their room learned all the particulars.

"What in thunder did you take it up for?" he asked of Terry.

"Oh, he was too fresh. That second fellow, though, was the toughest one I was ever up against; and at one time I thought he had me where it would mean for all up with me. I'm pretty well bruised; but I guess it's worse with the other fellow."

"I'm sorry it happened, Terry. I wish I could get you up

adopt my rule, to avoid a fight until it is forced upon you; but in this case you went right in search of it yourself."

"That's all right, Fred. There are a lot of fellows around here who are running things their own way, and they've made up their minds to do us up, so I thought the best thing for me to do was to jump right into it and let them begin at once. They don't know a thing about fair fighting. Thinking they could lick me, they very readily gave up their revolvers to the barkeeper; but as soon as they got the worst of it, they wanted their guns back, but the barkeeper wouldn't let them have them."

While they were there in the room, the clerk of the hotel came up, with a broad grin on his face.

"See here, Olcott," said he, extending his hand to Terry, "you've licked the best rough-and-tumble fighter in Ozark, and I never was so glad of anything in my life."

"He's a pretty tough one," laughed Terry, as he shook his hand.

"Yes. He's licked a dozen men in the billiard-room within the last year, and was in two shooting scrapes there about two months ago. Every fellow in the town is afraid of him; but now that you've licked him there is nothing in Ozark too good for you. If you see anything you want, all you have to do is to ask for it."

"Well, I won't ask for anything except fair play; and if they don't give me that, somebody will get hurt."

"Oh, you can have all the fair play you want; for nobody would think of tackling you after this."

The two boys remained up in their rooms an hour or more, and when they went down to the main office of the hotel they found quite a crowd waiting for them. Every one wanted to shake Terry's hand. Nobody was introduced; but it was soon evident that he and Fred had a lot of friends among them, who would be only too glad to serve them in any way in their power. A man by the name of Cummings took Fred aside and proceeded to tell him all about the motive that prompted the arrest of himself and Terry, on the trumped-up charge of interfering with the deputy sheriff, on his visit to the Blenker place.

"I heard one of the deputies say," he added, "that it was done for the purpose of forcing Blenker to appear in court to save you two from being sent to jail."

"I don't think there is any danger of our being sent to jail," remarked Fred.

"Well, I don't know," said the other. "If all four of them swear that you and your friend did interfere, by drawing revolvers and standing them off, the case may go dead against you; for Judge Brown is down on that sort of thing. While the judge is said to be very friendly with the ring, he showed the other day, in dismissing the warrant against you, that he is not to be made a tool of by the ringsters."

"Yes, I think the judge is all right," remarked Fred. "He is certainly pretty well posted about the whole rascally business, and will be able to judge between the truth and falsehood of any statements they may make."

"Badger and Tripp are both very sharp lawyers," remarked Cummings, "and they have been very successful before Judge Brown, both of whom are said to be his intimate friends; but there is another lawyer in town, who is also a great friend of his, and a very able man. His name is Wright. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to secure his services."

"Mr. Bunting is my counsel," said Fred.

"He's an honest man, but he hasn't much law practice, and I don't think the judge thinks very favorably of him."

"The case will be decided on its merits," remarked Fred. "I know that both Badger and Tripp have it in for me; but I think they are going to miss it."

"Well, you want to look out for them. It is said that they have several times hired men to swear falsely upon the witness stand."

"Yes, I've heard as much; but there will hardly be any chance for them to bring in any witness in this case other than the four who went out to the Blenker place."

"Well, if those four swear against you, what are you going to do about it? I understand that Blenker has said that he won't leave his place for a single minute. He doesn't intend to have any papers served on him; for in that case he would lose his place. I can give you the names of four men who heard the deputy sheriff say that Blenker was the man they were after, instead of you and your friend Olcott."

"Are they good, clean men?" Fred asked.

"Yes; every one of them."

"Will they go on the witness stand and swear to that, if I want them to do so?"

"Yes, I think they would."

"Then send them to me, please, and tell them to say nothing about it."

Cummings went away, and before the day passed Fred had seen the four men and obtained from them their consent to go on the witness stand if he thought it necessary for them to do so. The case was to come up the next day, and that evening Fred was closeted with Lawyer Bunting for nearly an hour, after which they retired.

The next morning Lawyer Bunting met Fred and Terry at the hotel to accompany them to the court-house.

"The court-room will be packed by citizens," said he, "seven out of ten of whom are your friends. There is a strong current of indignation running through the entire community, and if you will not be any way intemperate to-day, the chances are that you will get the best of it."

"I hardly think I will lose my head, sir," replied Fred. "I've been fortunate enough to keep cool under similar circumstances. I haven't any fear whatever of their making a case against me. My main point is to turn the tables on those fellows, after they have told their story, under oath; and if they don't suspect my object and are on their guard, I think we'll catch them."

When they reached the court-house they found it crowded, and it was with difficulty that they could effect an entrance. Another case was on at the time; but it was soon disposed of, and then the case against Fearnot and Olcott was called. The question was asked them which they would elect to have tried first.

"We will make mine the test case," said Fred. "Mr. Olcott will agree to abide by it; for if one of us is guilty, both are guilty; but we plead not guilty."

"Very well, then," said the judge, "let the case against Fearnot proceed."

The deputy sheriff was the first to take the stand, and he told his story of how he had several times tried to serve papers on Joseph Blenker in foreclosure proceedings, and how the latter had repeatedly driven him and his assistants away by threatening to fire upon them with Remington rifles. He said he had gone there under the instructions of the sheriff and the counsel of the plaintiff in the foreclosure proceedings, accompanied by two assistants and Mr. Tripp, of the firm of Badger & Tripp. He then told how Blenker had again stood them off with his Remington, and added that the two prisoners, Fearnot and Olcott, backed him up with their revolvers, each of them threatening to shoot if he approached any nearer to the house.

The other three told the same story, in succession, and were permitted to step down from the stand, without being cross-examined by either Fred or Lawyer Bunting; but notice was served on them that they would probably be recalled for cross-examination in the course of the trial.

Fred then went upon the stand and told his story, just as it is already known to the reader. He explained how he and Terry happened to walk out in the direction of the Blenker farm the next morning after their arrival in Ozark. He said that neither of them had ever seen nor heard of Blenker before, and that as they approached his house to get a drink of water from the well in front of it, they were held up by him, with a Remington rifle. They soon satisfied him that they were entire strangers and only wanted a drink of water from the well, and he permitted them to get it. They were all three standing there talking when the deputy sheriff and his party rode up. He related everything that passed, and flatly denied that either he or Terry interfered in any way, and that each witness, from the deputy sheriff down, had sworn falsely.

"What!" exclaimed Lawyer Badger, springing to his feet, "do you mean to say that an officer of this court has coolly and deliberately committed perjury?"

"Yes," cried Fred. "They have committed the rankest kind of perjury."

"Well, I hope you may be able to prove that," sneered the lawyer.

"What!" exclaimed Fred, "do you mean to say that you hope that I may be able to prove that your witnesses have committed perjury? Surely you don't mean that?"

The judge and jurors laughed at Badger, who seemed to be a bit confused for the moment.

"Well, no," he replied. "What I meant was that I hoped you'd be able to bring some other evidence besides your own to sustain your charge."

"Oh, that's quite different. I have other witnesses and they are now in this room."

"Who are they?"

"Well, Mr. Olcott is one, who was standing alongside of me at the well; and then two of Mr. Blenker's neighbors and two

of his hired men were in the house, where, through a window, they saw and heard all that passed."

"Indeed! Who are they? Give us their names, please."

Fred named the four men, every one of whom was well known to Badger as square, honest, upright people.

"Your Honor," exclaimed the deputy sheriff rising to his feet, "the witness is committing downright perjury. There was no one in the house at all!"

"Silence!" said the judge. "Let the witness tell his story, and we'll hear you in rebuttal."

Fred had about finished, though, and Terry took his place on the stand, to tell exactly the same story. Then, when he descended, a well-known, prosperous old farmer, one of Blenker's neighbors, took the stand and told the story of his presence in Blenker's house on the day the deputy sheriff rode up to the place; that created consternation among the ringsters. It was a clear, straight story, which was corroborated by another neighbor and the two hired men, who followed him on the stand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASE IN COURT AND FRED'S TRIUMPH.

The springing of the four reputable witnesses upon Badger and the deputy sheriff alarmed the former to such a degree that he was unable to conceal it. He called the deputy sheriff back to the witness stand and began a series of questioning, for the purpose of showing that it was impossible for the others to be in the house without his knowledge. Fred took him in hand and began his cross-examination with a cool shrewdness that astonished the judge and every lawyer present.

"How near to the house did you get?" Fred asked him.

"Near enough to see that nobody entered or left it while I was there," was the reply.

"Answer the question, now," said Fred. "How near to the house did you go?"

"I was close enough to see into the house through the window."

"Answer my question, please," Fred persisted. "How near to the house did you go?"

He tried to evade the question several times; but Fred persisted until Badger rose to interfere.

"Sit down!" ordered Fred.

Then, turning to the judge, he asked that the witness be ordered to answer the question.

"I was within fifty or sixty yards of the house," was the final answer.

"I believe that's about right," said Fred. "Now, explain to the jury how you could stand away fifty yards from the house and see through a window so well as to be able to swear that nobody was in the room."

"I could see through the window to the opposite side of the room."

"No doubt of that," returned Fred; "but the room is about twenty feet square, while the window is only about three feet wide. Go on with your explanation as to how you happened to know that nobody was in the room, and don't forget that you're on oath, and that there is a law for the punishment of perjury in this State."

Instantly Badger sprang to his feet, saying that the witness was being threatened.

"Not at all," said Fred. "It is no threat to remind the witness that there is a law in this State for the punishment of perjury, and I believe it is your knowledge of the existence of such a law that makes you so extremely nervous."

"I'm not at all nervous," protested Badger.

"Why, you're on the verge of nervous prostration," laughed Fred. "You are apprehensive of being proceeded against for subordination of perjury."

"Your Honor!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I've been practicing in this court for ten years or more, and have never violated any of the rules. I must ask for protection against the base insinuations of the defendant."

"The defendant will confine himself to the examination of the witness without dealing in personalities," remarked the judge.

"May it please your Honor, the personality of the counsel is such a remarkable one that I beg the indulgence of the court if I occasionally allude to him."

Then he resumed his cross-examination of the deputy sheriff, who persisted in swearing that he didn't see any one in Blenker's house.

"That's all right," laughed Fred. "I'm satisfied you didn't see them; but what I want you to explain is how you could

stand fifty or sixty yards away from the house and swear that nobody was in it."

He kept after him until he was in such a state of confusion that he contradicted himself several times.

"Now," said Fred, "you swore, when you were on the stand before, that my friend Olcott and I drew our revolvers and stood alongside of Joe Blenker and assisted him in standing you and your posse off. Do you wish to modify that?"

"No, I do not."

"Very well, you may step down."

Then he called Lawyer Tripp, who had also testified to the same thing. He tried several times to dodge Fred's direct questions, and being better skilled in such matters than the deputy sheriff, it was a battle of legal sparring between the two. Fred, however, forced him to admit that it was a physical impossibility, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from the house, to see into it any further than the width of the window.

"Then," said Fred, "you admit that several persons could have been in the room without being seen from your position, as you sat on your horse?"

"Yes, of course," assented the witness.

"Very well, then, do you wish to repeat your testimony that Olcott and I drew our revolvers and assisted Blenker in holding you off?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well, then, you may step down."

The next to be cross-examined was an assistant deputy sheriff, who had sworn very positively that Fred and Terry had both threatened to shoot, if the party approached any nearer the house.

"Do you remember where you were last Wednesday night about nine o'clock?" Fred asked the witness.

The witness hesitated for a minute or so, trying to recall where he was at that hour, and Fred stood before him patiently, waiting for his answer.

"I'm not sure as to the exact time," he said; "but I was probably in Burns' saloon."

"Do you remember talking with two friends there, Mr. Gray and Mr. Cunningham?"

"Yes; we had drinks together, I remember now."

"Do you remember the conversation that passed between you about this case?"

"I don't recall everything that passed."

"Well, do you remember saying to Mr. Cunningham that the object of this case against me was for the purpose of forcing Blenker to come into court to testify in my behalf?"

The witness turned pale, and his counsel tried to interfere; but Fred turned on him with:

"Keep quiet, please."

"I don't remember saying any such thing," answered the witness.

"What's the matter with your memory? Is it failing you?"

"No, my memory is all right."

"Well, let's see if it is. Can you recollect saying to Cunningham that it was a trick of Lawyer Badger to draw Blenker into the court-room?"

"No; I never said anything of the kind."

"Very well, then, step down," and as he did so, Fred called out:

"Mr. Cunningham, please take the stand"; and a well-dressed, full-bearded man took the stand.

He was extremely nervous, and it didn't take Fred but a couple of minutes to find out that the witness upon whom he relied so much was trying to hedge, out of fear of the ring; but he deftly led him along, by a mild system of questions, until he drew from him the fatal admission, and his triumph was complete.

He turned and looked at Badger, then at the judge, and raising his right hand, pointed at the witness, with the exclamation:

"Your Honor, he has admitted the truth, very reluctantly! I believe I have proved to the satisfaction of the jury and the court that this charge is based upon the rankest perjury, and every witness for the prosecution has made himself amenable to the law by bearing false witness against an innocent man. I have no more questions to ask."

Badger then took Cunningham in hand and tried in vain to confuse him, and was frequently irritated by Fred's quiet chuckle close behind him. Badger then addressed the jury and dwelt at great length upon the impudence of youth and the cheeky conduct of the two young men ever since their arrival in Ozark. He tried to pick flaws in the testimony of the two hired men, who, he said, were obliged to swear as Blenker wanted them to or else lose their positions. As for the two

farmers, while nothing could be said against their characters, it was well known that every farmer in the county sympathized with Blenker in his resistance to the foreclosure of the mortgage upon his farm. He spoke for nearly an hour, and then Fred rose to reply.

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the counsel who has just taken his seat is the worst frightened lawyer I ever saw in a court-room. He talked for over one hour, and scarcely touched upon the question at issue before you, which is simply this:

"Did I, Fred Fearnot and Terry Olcott, who are the defendants, interfere with the officers of the law in the discharge of their duty? Four of them swore that we did, one of whom is a partner of the counsel who has just addressed you, the other three being the deputy sheriff and his two assistant deputies. Against them stands the testimony of myself and Olcott, with four disinterested witnesses, who were in Blenker's house during the visit upon which this case hinges. Not a single word has been uttered against the character of my witnesses. They are above reproach. The deputy sheriff swore, in your presence, that he could stand sixty yards away from a house and see everything in a room twenty feet square by looking through a window. He knew that he was perjuring himself at the time and understood that the absurdity of the thing would be plain to you, if you knew what the distance from where he stood to the house was; and he would not give that distance until his Honor forced him to do so. He perjured himself from head to feet, as did the other three witnesses who followed him."

Then he turned to the judge, and for three or four minutes astonished him with a magnificent tribute to the honor and dignity of the bench, where sat the judges holding the scales of justice, to decide questions between man and man. He flattered the court so deftly that Judge Brown himself was thrilled and charmed. Then he proceeded to dissect the testimony of every witness. Then he turned upon the perjurers and poured out upon them a flood of denunciation of their conduct, and the vile ring that had been robbing innocent property holders in and around Ozark. Then he went for Lawyer Badger, and the flaying he gave him threw him into a fever of resentful rage. The densely packed audience sat spellbound under his flow of words until he had uttered the last sentence. Then he sat down, drew his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his face, while Lawyer Tripp hissed at him:

"You will settle with me for this, outside of the court-room."

Terry heard it, and leaning forward, retorted:

"You will be arrested for perjury before you leave this court-room. The warrants are already in the sheriff's hands."

Further talk was interrupted by the judge, who began his charge to the jury. It was clear and strong in Fred's favor, and the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their seats.

A wild burst of applause greeted the verdict, which neither the judge nor the sheriff attempted to check.

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried Fred, as he rose to his feet, "when a man is tried before twelve honest men, he is sure of justice. I thank every one of you, from the bottom of my heart, for the promptness with which you acquitted me."

The jurors surrounded him, shook his hand, and scores of people in the audience tried to do the same thing.

"Are you a lawyer?" a member of the bar asked, as he grasped his hand.

"No," he laughed, "but being the son of one, I am very familiar with legal proceedings."

"Well, I must say, you astonished everybody who heard you, and you have practically ruined Badger and Tripp."

Just then a scene of confusion occurred near the front door. It was caused by the sheriff arresting the four men who had committed perjury, on warrants sworn out by Lawyer Bunting. Lawyer Tripp indignantly denounced the proceedings as the result of spite.

"All the same," said the sheriff, who made the arrest, "you will have to give bond for your appearance, or else be locked up."

"It's an easy matter to give bail," remarked Tripp; "but some one will pay dearly for this outrage."

The crowd that gathered around Fred and Terry, shaking their hands in congratulation, showed how complete was the former's triumph. Not only did they congratulate him on his acquittal, but on his splendid management of the case, as well as the remarkable speech he had made. Judge Brown declared to the clerk of the court that he was never so surprised in his life as at young Fearnot's speech and the masterly manner in which he presented and dissected the evidence before the jury.

The crowd followed them all the way back to the hotel, and among them were many farmers who lived on the outskirts of the town, several of whom had been made victims of the swindling mortgage business, with Badger and Tripp invariably a counsel for the swindlers. They shook hands with the two boys, invited them to their homes and suggested that they settle in Ozark and grow up with the city.

"Our experience hasn't been a very pleasant one here," laughed Terry.

"No, of course not; but your visit makes it possible for it to be more pleasant for us in the future; for your friend, Fearnot, has given the ring the hardest blow it has ever received."

All the afternoon the four arrested men were busy hunting up bail, in order to escape spending the night in jail. Lawyer Tripp, of course, had no difficulty in getting a bondsman, as he was possessed of considerable property. He was beside himself with rage, and declared his intention of thrashing Fearnot for his denunciation of him in the court-room. A brother lawyer suggested to him that it was hardly proper to hold a man responsible for what he said in his speech before a jury.

"Yes, that's a rule among lawyers; but that young whelp is no lawyer."

"Well, if you strike him he will have you arrested and you'll have a fine to pay," remarked his friend.

"Very true. I intend to pay the fine; but I intend to slap his face for him; for I never was so outraged before in my life."

Some three hours later he appeared at the Platte River House, accompanied by two or three friends, and seeing Fred in conversation with the proprietor of the hotel, walked up to him and hissed out:

"Young man, you had your say. Now I'll have mine," and he struck at Fred's face so quickly that the latter was unable to parry it, and he received a resounding slap on the left side of his head.

The effect was magical. Fred went at him like a thunderbolt, and in less than thirty seconds had actually beaten the lawyer down upon the floor. He rained at least a half dozen blows full upon his face, blackening both eyes, smashing his nose and splitting his upper lip against his teeth; and it was done, too, so quickly that the lawyer's two friends, who accompanied him, were unable to interfere in time to prevent it. On being raised to his feet, Tripp wanted to renew the fight, but his friends would not permit it.

"Let him go, let him go!" said Fred. "He slapped my face without warning. Now, let us have it out right here. He is a coward, a scoundrel, a swindler and everything else that is considered disreputable by honorable men, and I intend to stay here in Ozark long enough to see if he cannot be disbarred. His partner is of the same disreputable stripe."

Tripp was furious; in fact, beside himself with rage; but of course no further collision was permitted; but he denounced Fred in unmeasured terms.

"That's all right," laughed Fearnot. "Nothing you can say can injure an honest man's reputation. It has been proved by reputable citizens, on the witness stand, that you are a perjurer. You are counsel for a ring of scoundrels, several of whom I have run up against within the last ten days, and I am yet alive to tell the story. If I can land you in State prison I intend to do so, so you can continue your practice there behind iron bars."

Tripp's friends led him away; but the main office of the hotel was jammed with a crowd of excited people, who were discussing the fight, the trial and the remarkable speech the young New York boy had made in the court-house. The bar of the hotel never did such a fine business as on that day, and the proprietor began to look upon the boys as the best drawing guests he had ever had. He remarked to Terry:

"This young Fearnot has made a big hit. If he will settle down to practice law in Ozark he will stand at the head of the bar in less than twelve months."

"Yes, I guess he would," laughed Terry. "We were school-mates together, and I've seen him in some pretty tight places; but he always managed to pull through all right. I never knew him to do a mean thing in my life, and the man who tries to play a dirty trick on him generally regrets it."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW FRED CORNERED BADGER AND FORCED HIM TO SETTLE.

Fred's unexpected triumph in the court-house created quite a sensation in Ozark. Many of the people knew before that he and Terry were all-around good fellows, who knew how

to take care of themselves in a scrimmage; and Fred's speech was not only a surprise, but a sensation, and many of Badger's friends remarked to him that he was up against a snag.

"Wait till I get through with him," said he. "He's a pretty sharp chap and played me a pretty shrewd trick, which, of course, none of us suspected that he was going to do; but now that I know him I'll give him a fight that will make him sick. Tripp lost his head and went down to the hotel to slap his face, and they tell me that he was knocked out in less than thirty seconds. I believe both those boys are nothing but young pugilists, who are out here for what they can make in that line of business."

"There is no doubt but that they understand the art of sparring," remarked his friend. "That Fearnot's speech in the court-house showed plainly that he is a young man of extraordinary ability."

"Oh, he had a great tongue, and I suppose that Bunting coached him on the law. I don't believe the Grand Jury will find any indictments for perjury at all."

"I'm afraid they will," remarked his friend; "for I haven't seen a man who was present who doesn't believe that the plaintiffs lied under oath with a brazen effrontery."

The next morning after the trial Fred and Terry went out to the Blenker place. The farmer saw and recognized them before they were within a hundred yards of the house, and he ran out to welcome them, with his rifle in his hand.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in my life!" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with both. "My friends tell me that you just tore 'em up yesterday."

"Well, I believe that we did get the best of them," laughed Fred; "and it is they who are in trouble now, instead of us. I came out to see you to give you a pointer; and that is to offer a reward for the arrest of the man from whom you bought the farm. The chances are that if you can catch him he'll pay the mortgage rather than stand trial."

"But I haven't got any money to put up for a reward, and it's impossible for me to raise any on my farm, because the men who have money to lend won't put up any more on it under the circumstances."

"Can't you borrow it from any of your neighbors?"

"No; I don't think I can."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Blenker, I'll put up the money for you, a couple of hundred dollars, and if the fellow is found and he can be made to disgorge, you can make it good to me. Of course, if he isn't found the money will be returned to me."

"I'll do that," said Blenker.

"Very well, then, I'll offer the reward just as soon as I return to the hotel."

The two returned to the Platte River House, and Fred went immediately to one of the city banks, where he and Terry had deposited their New York drafts, gave a check for two hundred dollars, and authorized the bank to offer it as a reward for the apprehension of Andrew Casey, or for information that would lead to his arrest. It was published in the papers the next morning, and before night a poorly-dressed woman went to the bank and said that she knew where Casey's wife was living, and that if he was not with her they could trace him up by watching her movements.

The bank at once sent for Fred and told him what information they had received.

"Now," said the president of the bank, "if you really want to catch him you'll have to employ a detective; for if you leave it with any of the officers of this county the probabilities are that he will receive warning and get away."

"All right," said Fred; "I'll go a hundred or two more on it," and that night he took a train for Omaha, where he secured a shrewd, sharp detective, and told him to go to the little town of Perry's Pond and arrest one Andrew Casey, on the charge of swindling, and bring him back to Ozark.

In thirty-six hours he was back again in Ozark, where he told Terry what he had done. Forty-eight hours later he received a dispatch from the detective:

"I have Casey on the train. Meet me at the station with sheriff."

"By George! Terry, we've got him," Fred exclaimed, as he showed the dispatch to his chum.

"Yes, if he hasn't made a mistake and gotten hold of the wrong man," said Terry.

"A trained detective seldom makes such mistakes. I'll go and see the sheriff and have him at the station with me, and give the detective a receipt for the prisoner."

He found the sheriff in his office and asked him if he knew personally the man Casey, who had swindled Blenker in his sale of his farm to him.

"Yes," said the sheriff, "I know him quite well."

"Well, he'll be here on the train at five o'clock this afternoon, in charge of a detective. I want you to take charge of him and land him in jail."

"All right, I'm glad you've got him; but who employed that detective?"

"I don't know."

"Yes; but how did you find out that he was arrested?"

"I received a dispatch from the detective to that effect."

"How did he happen to telegraph to you?"

"Well, see here, sheriff," laughed Fred. "Since you seem to be so anxious to find out all about it, I employed the detective myself."

"Just what I thought," was the reply. "I'm glad you've got him."

"Thank you. I think there will be others in Ozark who will be sorry to hear of his arrest."

The sheriff let a number of his friends know that Casey had been caught and would reach Ozark at five o'clock. The news seemed to disturb Badger very much, and he was at the station when the train arrived. Fred kept right alongside of him, to see what he would do or say. Of course, Badger never spoke to him; but as soon as the detective stepped off the car, with the prisoner, the lawyer grasped the latter's hand and remarked:

"Of course you want me for your counsel?"

"Yes, yes; of course," said Casey.

"Very well, then. I will see you at the jail and arrange to provide a bondsman for you."

Fred overheard that; and he followed the sheriff to the jail, where he saw him give a receipt to the detective for the body of Andrew Casey.

No sooner was the prisoner locked up than Badger asked to be allowed to see him, in his cell, as his counsel, and of course he could not be refused.

Fred accompanied the detective back to the hotel, and there, up in his room, had a long talk with him.

"When I caught him," said the detective, "I found several letters in his possession, from a lawyer of the name of Badger, here, which seemed to me to connect him with the crime charged against him."

"Let me see those letters," said Fred, and the detective handed them to him, and as he read them he was utterly dumfounded at the discovery he made.

Though the language was cautious, the fact stood out boldly that Badger himself was the man who owned the mortgage, though it stood in a fictitious name. It seemed that he paid but three dollars for it, and that similar games had been played by Casey in other localities, who bought farms and sold them after putting mortgages on them, and the profits were divided between him and Badger.

"This is a great find, detective," remarked Fred.

"Yes; but his confession, made to me on the train, is a greater one still. I tried to frighten him by saying that he was good for seven years in State prison; but he laughed and said that Badger would settle the matter outside of court, as he was really the one who owned the mortgage, and he put up three hundred dollars on it, while it called for a thousand. He said that Blenker's Remington rifle had interfered with the profits in the transaction."

"Well, see here," said Fred. "you remain in Ozark a few days longer yet. I'm paying your expenses and for your time. Mr. Badger will make it good, or I'm very much mistaken."

"All right," said the detective. "I've nothing else on hand just now."

"Don't say anything about these letters, nor Casey's confession."

"Of course not."

Both Fred and Terry were jubilant over the grip they had on the rascally firm of lawyers.

The first thing they did the next morning was to see Lawyer Bunting and find out from him what legal steps were necessary under the circumstances. The lawyer read the letters and then decided to go to jail and have a talk with Casey. He soon found that Casey was on bad terms with Badger, because the latter had failed to remit to him his share of the profits on the bogus mortgage on the Blenker place. He said that it was not his fault if Badger failed to foreclose.

"So if he doesn't settle the matter and get me out of jail I'll make a clean breast of it and take him to State prison with me."

He was a reckless sort of fellow and didn't seem to care how he talked.

Again Fred and Terry went out to see Joe Blenker and tell him the news.

"Come into town with me, now, Blenker," said Fred. "Let them serve the papers on you and then go for them. In less than a week's time that mortgage will be canceled and there'll be no incumbrance on your place."

"I'll trust you," said Joe; "but I'll take my rifle along."

"No; leave that at home. You won't need it."

"I guess I'd better take it," said Blenker, and he did.

Many citizens were astonished at seeing him walking down Main street, accompanied by Fred and Terry. They noticed that he had his rifle, and expected there would be trouble, so the crowd followed him. They went straight to the sheriff's office.

"Got any papers to serve on me, sheriff?" he asked of the sheriff of the county.

"Yes, Joe, I'm sorry to say that I have; and if you'll promise not to shoot, I'll serve them on you."

"All right, I won't shoot. We've got this swindler in jail, and I guess the matter will be settled without any loss to me; but as sure as the sun shines, if it isn't you'll hear my gun talk."

The sheriff then served the papers on him, in due form, and then, accompanied by Lawyer Bunting, he went before a magistrate, who swore out a warrant for the arrest of Lawyer Badger, as a swindler, and the warrant was promptly issued. Half an hour later Badger was arrested by the sheriff, very much to his profound astonishment. Of course, he had no trouble about giving bail, and when he had done so he made some extreme threats against everybody concerned in bringing about his arrest.

"I am the sole cause of it," remarked Fred, when some one told him about the lawyer's threats. "I engaged a detective at my own expense, and I guess before the matter ends Mr. Badger will be willing to pay back every dollar that I have put out on the case, or else he will go to State prison."

"He has some very strong friends in Ozark," remarked his informant.

"Oh, yes, but the most of them are men of his stripe, who invariably seek cover when exposure comes."

The man in jail now kept his mouth shut, by advice of Badger, his counsel. He would answer no questions put to him, nor make any further revelations of his rascally dealings with Badger.

A day or two later Badger suddenly entered the hotel, walked up to Fred and said:

"Fearnot, I want to have a quiet talk with you up in your room."

"All right, sir; come up with me," and Fred led the way up to his room, the door of which he locked after they entered.

"What are you after out here?" Badger asked.

"Well, I'm after you, for one thing; and I think I've caught up with you."

"Well, let me know what it is."

"All right; we'll start with the Blenker mortgage. It's really no mortgage at all, for you let Casey have but three hundred dollars out of the thousand the mortgage called for, and were to pay him two hundred more, after foreclosure."

"It's a lie!" hissed Badger.

"No, it's the plain truth. We have four letters of yours written to Casey confidentially, signed by your name, and their meaning is unmistakable. They are supplemented by a confession from him to the detective; but he and you have been engaged in that sort of business for two or three years. I've been sent out here by my father, a New York lawyer, to look up five similar cases, and in each instance the mortgage is given by Casey, under different names, but under similar circumstances. Unless those mortgages are canceled, you will be arrested on a separate warrant for each one, and your residence for the balance of your life will be in State prison."

Badger was speechless with astonishment. He saw at a glance that utter wreck and ruin would follow his exposure. It took him nearly five minutes to recover sufficiently to say anything. Then he remarked:

"This is nothing more nor less than blackmail on the part of Casey to force me to come to his rescue. Those letters are forgeries; for I never wrote him one in my life."

"That won't do, Mr. Badger," said Fred, shaking his head. "We have nearly a dozen letters of yours, written on the same paper, and experts would settle their genuineness. There are corroborative circumstances that makes a continuous chain of proof, which no technicality or legal acumen can break. Now, what are you going to do? Are you going to surrender those mortgages, canceled, or shall I proceed against you criminally?"

"I hold the mortgages for clients of mine. I haven't a dollar

interest in them, any further than my fee as counsel. I can't do anything until I have consulted with them by mail."

"How long a time do you want for that?"

"At least a week."

"Then you must pay the expenses of a detective to watch you to see that you don't leave the town."

"What's that?" gasped Badger.

"I have a detective watching you, who is costing me five dollars a day and expenses," explained Fred. "I am not willing to keep that up for a week unless you agree to pay it; and if you do not, other warrants for your arrest will be issued at once, and three thousand dollars bail will be required in each case; fifteen thousand dollars in all."

"See here, Fearnot, come with me to my office," said Badger, in a desperate tone of voice.

"All right; lead the way; but let me say to you that at the beginning of any monkey business you'll find yourself perforated with lead."

"There will be no business except to settle this matter at once," returned Badger, as he rose to his feet and passed downstairs, into the main office of the hotel, followed by Fred.

They repaired to his office, where he opened a big iron safe and took from it the five mortgages that Fred had alluded to, and laid them on the table for the latter to look at. Fred glanced over them carefully, and looked at some memoranda he had in a notebook.

"There are the mortgages," he remarked.

"Yes, so they are"; and Badger drew them across the table to himself, took up a pen and deliberately cancelled each one, signing his full name, as counsel for his clients. He then turned them over to Fred, who placed them in an inner pocket of his coat.

"Now, what are you going to do about the mortgage on Blenker's place?" the latter asked.

"I'll look for it," said Badger, and he again went to the safe, where, after fumbling over quite a number of documents, he found it.

"You'd better cancel that, too," suggested Fred, "and let Blenker have it as soon as possible."

"Well, before I do that I want to know what he's going to do."

"Oh, he'll be so happy that he'll do anything. He's a pretty determined fellow; but I don't think he's vindictive. Casey hasn't been indicted yet, and it's more than likely that if the cancelled mortgage is given Blenker, he will withdraw the charge; but somebody will have to pay the two hundred dollars reward offered and the expenses of the detective. Chickens come home to roost, Mr. Badger, and they're flocking around you pretty thick."

CHAPTER IX.

A QUESTION OF LETTERS AND WHAT GREW OUT OF IT.

On leaving Badger's office Fred told the lawyer that he would see Blenker and ascertain from him what he would do if his mortgage was cancelled. He returned to the hotel where Terry was waiting for him, and astonished his chum by saying:

"Terry, old man, the business upon which father sent me out here was settled in a few minutes. Every mortgage was cancelled and turned over to me. Badger is the worst frightened man on earth; but he had nerve enough to conceal it. But his good sense told him that I had the drop on him, so he gave up without a protest; and it all grew out of the revelation that followed the arrest of Casey, from whom Blenker had bought his farm."

"That was a streak of good luck, Fred."

"I should say it was. Of course, he declares the letters forgeries, but his prompt surrender and cancellation of the mortgages tell a different story."

"Well, what's to be done now?"

"I'm going out to see Blenker. His mortgage hasn't been cancelled yet."

"Well, let's get a vehicle and ride out, Fred," suggested Terry. "I don't care to walk that far to-day."

They went to the livery stable and hired a neat turnout, in which they drove out to Blenker's place. For the first time since they met him he came forward to meet them without his Remington.

"Where's your gun?" Fred asked.

"Hangin' up in the house," he laughed, "waiting for the next man who comes along with a mortgage."

"It's a pretty handy thing to have around the house, isn't it?" laughed Fred.

"I've found it so," he replied; "but what's to be done next?"

"That's what we've come out to see you about. Casey ought to be in State prison."

"Yes; so he ought, and if he doesn't pay off that mortgage, or settle it in some way, I'll send him there."

"Well, what will you do if he pays it off?"

"Why, that will settle the matter."

"He'll be willing to pay every cent," remarked Fred. "You'd better come in and see Bunting about it and find out what his fee is."

"All right; I'll be in town this afternoon"; and Fred and Terry then drove back to Ozark, and that afternoon the matter was settled up, Badger paying every cent of the expenses incurred, and the cancelled mortgage was turned over to Blenker.

"Now, young man," said the farmer, as he grasped Fred's hand, "if I were able to do so, I'd make you a present of five hundred dollars for getting me out of the trouble I was in."

"That's all right, Mr. Blenker; there were others in trouble besides yourself, and their wrongs have been righted, too."

"Well, that has nothing to do with me. I've got a comfortable home, with plenty to eat, and if you two will come out and live there, as long as you have to stay about here, you won't have any board bill to pay."

"Much obliged to you," laughed Fred. "Our board bill is not troubling us at all. We'll come out and see you, however, quite often, as long as we stay in Ozark; for I confess that I like your way of standing up for your rights. I think I would have done just as you did, under the circumstances."

"There was nothing else for me to do."

"No, I suppose not; and it was a good thing for you that the sheriff and his assistants knew that you would shoot."

"Oh, yes; I guess they knew that; but you can bet your life that his deputies don't love you any, and as long as you stay about Ozark you want to be on the lookout for them."

"Yes, I'm on the lookout all the time. I don't intend to let any of them get the drop on me. I suppose I'll have to remain about here to appear as witness in the perjury case against them."

"Oh, they'll try to settle that, just as they did the other cases."

"I don't see how they can do that. It's in the hands of the court."

"Well, that ring has been running court business around here pretty much their own way until you came. They'll probably find a way to settle it."

Blenker shook hands with them and returned home, and an hour or two later Lawyer Bunting astonished Fred by suggesting to him that they form a co-partnership of lawyers.

"Thunder!" said Fred, "I'm no lawyer."

"Well, you have a good knowledge of law and are familiar with court proceedings. Three months' study of our statutory law would enable you to pass an examination to be admitted to the bar. You could do the heaviest legal business in this part of the State; for you've won the confidence of everybody in the county, outside of the ring. Then, too, all the young men of the place are swearing by you, as the best all-round knocker-out ever seen in Ozark."

"Oh, yes; some of them will want me to be giving them sparring lessons," laughed Fred; "but out here people depend on the revolver more than upon nature's weapons. Out East we depend upon the latter altogether, for it is a violation of the law to carry concealed weapons."

"Well, think about it," suggested Bunting, "for a finer opening couldn't be found anywhere in the State."

"I can't give any time to thinking about it," returned Fred; "for I have no intention of settling in a place like Ozark. Some day I may settle down to the practice of law in my father's office, in New York."

The next morning it was announced in the paper that Casey having cancelled the mortgage on the Blenker place, the charge against him was withdrawn, and that probably a couple of days more would see him a free man. The paper added that he was very bitter against certain parties, who betrayed him, and on reading that Fred went to the bank and got the name and address of the woman who had furnished the information that led to the swindler's arrest. He went to see her and found her to be a poor seamstress, who had a bill against the Caseys for work done, to the amount of twenty dollars, they having slipped away without paying it, and in consequence she had been on the verge of starvation. It was by the merest accident that she had learned that Mrs. Carey was with her sister, in the little town where the detective finally caught her husband.

"Now, who is going to get that reward?" she asked of Fred.

"Why, you, of course. You furnished the information upon which I sent the detective after him. The banker thinks that he ought to have half of it; but I have insisted that the whole should be paid to you."

"Oh, I thank you ever so much," she said. "It will be a fortune to me; but let me tell you that he is a dangerous man, and as soon as he gets out of jail he will try to get even with you."

"Yes," said Fred, "I've been warned by several to the same effect; but I'm on my guard against him."

After instructing her to go to the bank and claim the reward, Fred left and returned to the hotel.

A couple of days later Casey was released from custody, and he went to one of the hotels in the town, saying that he wanted a room there for a few days. Of course, he was accommodated, and in conversation with several citizens about the place had been heard to make threats against the detective if certain papers which had been taken from him were not returned. Of course, he alluded to the letters which the detective had found in his pocket when he arrested him. He claimed, as he had not been tried or convicted, he was entitled to have everything returned to him. He called at the hotel where the detective was stopping and asked for the letters.

"I haven't got them," said the detective.

"Where are they?"

"I turned them over to Fearnot and his lawyer the very day they reached Ozark, and I haven't seen them since."

"Well, I'm entitled to have them, and as you took them away from me, you must see that they are returned."

"I won't bother myself about it," said the detective. "You'd better see Fearnot, or Lawyer Bunting."

"Well, I hold you responsible for them."

"That's all right. I don't care how much you hold me responsible for anything."

Casey then went to Bunting, who informed him that the last he saw of the letters they were in Fearnot's possession, adding that he didn't know whether or not the latter had turned them over to any of the court officials.

He then called on Fred, at the Platte River House, and asked him if he had the letters.

"Yes, I have them," answered Fred.

"Well, they belong to me, and I want them."

"I'm not sure that they belong to you, under the circumstances."

"To whom do they belong, then? There is no case against me in court, and as they were taken from me, while under arrest, I am certainly entitled to have them returned, and I am going to have them, or else make trouble."

"Well, I'll consult my lawyer about them, and if he says you are legally entitled to them, I will turn them over to you. If you will call here later in the day I will let you know about it."

The man went away, and had not been gone ten minutes before Lawyer Badger came in, took Fred aside and asked him if he had those letters that were found on Casey.

"Yes, I have them," was the reply. "Casey was here not more than ten minutes ago, making a demand for them."

"Don't let him have them. He wants to use them as blackmail."

"How can he do that," Fred asked, "when you've already pronounced them forgeries?"

"I haven't seen the letters yet. I have pronounced them forgeries, on hearing their contents repeated; but as it is reported that my signature is on them, I have the right to claim them."

"Then you had better go to the judge and get an order for them, or else enjoin me against turning them over to anybody but yourself."

"I don't wish to bring the matter into any further publicity," returned Badger. "You know full well that I have complied with every demand made on me and that it would be nothing but right and proper that they should be turned over to me, rather than to one who will use them as a weapon for my ruin."

"I believe that under the circumstances, whatever property was found on Casey at the time of his arrest, he is entitled to have returned to him, since the charge against him was withdrawn."

"Yes, that's the legal aspect of it; but I'll give you five hundred dollars cash if you'll turn them over to me. As my name is reported to be signed to them, I certainly have some right to claim them."

"Oh, from a legal standpoint, Casey has the call; so I will proceed at once to enjoin you from turning them over to him."

"That would be the best way," said Fred; and Badger went away.

Later in the day Casey returned again and was informed that Badger had also made a claim for the letters.

"They are mine!" he hissed, in a great rage, "and if you turn them over to him it will be the worst thing you ever did in your life."

"Do you mean that as a threat?"

"You can construe it any way you please. They are my property and I'm going to have them, or somebody will be hurt."

"Well, go and see Badger about it"; and the villain turned away and went up the street, in the direction of Badger's office.

"There'll be a hot time up there," said Fred, "for Badger is right about the letters being damaging enough to him to ruin him, and he is seeking to save himself. Casey is either after revenge, or wants to use them as a means of extorting money from the writer of them."

Some twenty minutes later a man came running into the hotel, with the news that Casey and Badger had nearly shot each other to death, in the latter's office.

"Great Scott! Terry, I expected something of that kind," said Fred. "Casey is a desperate man, and Badger was in a desperate situation."

"Well, don't say anything about it," suggested Terry. "Just wait and see how it turns out."

They went out on the street and saw further up the block a great crowd of people filling up the entire street in front of Badger and Tripp's office. They soon learned that Casey was dead and Badger desperately wounded. The lawyer was taken to his home, where the family physician and a surgeon probed for the bullet, and declared that while the wound was a dangerous one, it was not necessarily fatal.

"I wonder if I am in any way responsible for that fight," said Fred, speaking to himself. "Had I given those letters over to either one, the other would probably have opened fire on me, for revenge. All I was after was to make sure of doing right in the matter; but as Casey is now wiped out and the letters can belong to nobody but the writer of them, I'm going to return them to him."

He returned to the hotel, sealed up the four letters in a large envelope, and proceeded to call at the wounded lawyer's residence. At first he was denied admission, after they found out who he was; but on his sending word in to the sick man that he wished to turn over the four letters to him, he was promptly admitted.

"I'm sorry to see you so badly hurt, Mr. Badger," said Fred. "Under the circumstances I deem it my duty to turn those letters over to you, and you will find them in this envelope."

"Thank you," said Badger, who asked his wife to open the envelope and let him see the contents.

She did so, and on being sure that they were the letters in question, he asked her to throw all of them into the fire, and she did so, all three of them watching them until they were consumed.

Badger drew a great sigh of relief, extended his hand to Fred and shook it gently.

"It's all right, now," he said.

"Then I will withdraw," and Fred bowed to the wounded man and his wife, turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

Of course, the news of the deadly duel between Badger and Casey created a great sensation in Ozark. Everybody was asking his neighbor the question:

"What was it about?" but all the explanation that Badger himself would give was that they quarreled and that Casey drew and fired, wounding him, and that he shot in self-defence and had saved his life by shooting straight.

There were no witnesses, and of course his story had to be accepted. It was reasoned by many that Casey must have fired the first shot, because he couldn't have fired after he was hit; for he was evidently killed instantly.

Gossips were busy and all sorts of rumors flew about. It was known that just a little while before the fatal duel, both men had called on Fred at the Platte River House, and a citizen was standing near by, who heard Casey say, as he left Fred:

"I will see him about it at once"; and a few minutes later the firing up in Badger's office was heard.

The coroner summoned Fred and questioned him about the interview the two men had with him, and he frankly stated that both claimed some papers that had been taken from Casey by the detective when he arrested him.

"Did you have the papers?" the coroner asked.

"Yes."

"What have you done with them?"

"I turned them over to Mr. Badger, and by his direction his wife consigned them to the flames."

The coroner started to rebuke him; but Fred cut him short by saying:

"I know very little about the laws of this State; but I do know that in most States the coroner has no right to inquire into anything except the manner by which the victim came to his death. You have nothing to do with the causes that brought about the quarrel."

"I guess I know my business," retorted the coroner, who was a pig-headed sort of a fellow.

"Well, it is to be hoped that you do; but it strikes me that you don't."

The coroner became very angry, but a lawyer who was present informed him that Fearnot was right, and that the duties of a coroner were to find out who did the killing and how it was done, having nothing to do with the cause that brought about the quarrel.

A good many people asked Fred and Terry about the contents of the letters; but they would not speak of them. While they recognized the fact that Badger and Tripp were consummate villains, they had been well punished, and they had no desire to make their burden any heavier. They were satisfied that they had smashed the ring that had been ruling the town and swindling innocent land owners, and were not disposed to make themselves any more conspicuous about it.

"Terry, I wish we could leave the place," remarked Fred; "for there is no further business now to keep us here."

"Well, what's the matter with our doing so, then?" Terry asked.

"Only this: we will have to be here at the trial of the deputy sheriff and his assistants, for perjury, as we are both important witnesses in those cases. We have been served with notice, and if we are not present, warrants for our arrest will be issued by the court; so you see we are stuck here for two or three weeks longer."

"All right; we've got acquaintances enough in the town to help us pass the time pleasantly; and as we've nothing else to do, we may just as well stay here."

"Yes; that's just the way I look at it."

So they settled down to wait for the cases to come up.

A week passed, and one day Fred and Terry were astonished at seeing young Taylor, with whom they had passed a season, on his ranch, several hundred miles still farther westward, walk into the hotel, dressed up as a typical cowboy.

"Great Scott! Fred, there's Nick Taylor," exclaimed Terry,

as he sprang to his feet and rushed to shake hands with the brave young ranchman with whom they had passed through such terrible experience with the redskins.

"Nick, old man!" exclaimed Fred, as he rushed at him, "did you drop down from the sky, or come up through a hole in the ground?"

"I didn't do either," laughed Nick. "A friend told me that he saw in a paper that you two were here; so I rode to the railroad station, left my horse there and came on to see you. Now, what are you doing out here?"

"I'm out here on business for father, Nick; and Terry, of course, came along to keep me out of mischief."

"That's so," laughed Terry; "but a half dozen of us couldn't keep him out of trouble."

"Nick, old man, is it really true that you've come all this distance just to see us?" Fred asked.

"Yes, it is true; for I know of no one in the wide world that I would rather see or have with me than you two boys. How long have you got to stay in this town?"

"I'm afraid we are stuck here for some two or three weeks yet," Fred replied; "notwithstanding I have finished the business that brought us here."

"Well, if you've finished it, what's keeping you?"

"That's a long story. Come up to our room and I'll spin it out for you."

Taylor went up to their room with them, and there Fred told him the story of their business and adventures in Ozark, and why they would have to remain there two or three weeks longer.

"Well, that's all right, boys. What have you got to do when you get through here?"

"Nothing, except to keep on living," replied Fred.

"Good again! How about taking a ranch and making a fortune on cattle raising?"

"What? Take a ranch ourselves?"

"Yes; that's what I mean."

"Why, it takes a fortune to buy one," remarked Fred.

"No, it won't. I've got one pretty well stocked, which I took partly for a debt, and have had it in charge of a good, honest fellow, with a lot of cow-punchers; but he is sadly lacking in the ability to run it profitably. He's a good, all-around fellow, understands the business, but he hasn't got quite enough gray matter under his hat. Now, I'll sell you that ranch and give you time to pay for it in cattle."

"Great Scott! Nick, you don't mean that, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, look here, Nick," said Fred; "you're a man whose word is as good as his bond, and I have as much confidence in your honesty and good judgment as I have in my own father. Now, tell me frankly, do you really believe that I can pay for that ranch out of the profits of the cattle raised on it?"

"Yes, easily, and in less than five years, and at the same time make as much money for yourself as you will have to pay me."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Nick. I'll go out and see the place."

"That's all you'll have to do. Then go back with me tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after; and we'd better make it the day after, so as to have time to telegraph to the station-agent, where I left my horse, to have two other horses sent up from the ranch by the time you get there."

"That's all right, then. Telegraph as soon as you please."

"Show me the way to the operator's den, and I will," and the three went downstairs and strolled down the street to the telegraph office, where Taylor sent the dispatch to the station-agent on the railroad some three hundred miles farther westward. Then they returned to the hotel, where Taylor registered and took a room.

The young ranchman was a great admirer of Fred, and that evening, in the billiard-room, told stories of his adventures, when he passed the season on his ranch, that sounded really marvelous to the listeners. Nearly every one thought he was drawing the long bow, and smiled skeptically.

"He is the best marksman in the world," declared Nick.

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed one of the bystanders, "Phil Newcomb can beat him, at five or six hundred yards, hands down."

"I have five hundred dollars in my pocket that says he can't do it," retorted Nick; "yet I haven't seen Fearnot shoot since eighteen months ago."

"I'll take that bet," said the bystander, whose name was Simpson. "Phil Newcomb has beaten every man who has shot against him in this State."

"Well, produce him," said Nick. "He can have my money if he can beat Fred Fearnot with a rifle at five, six, eight hundred or a thousand yards."

"Say," said Terry, "I've got a little wad of money I'd like to put up on that, too."

"I'll go you five hundred," said the other.

"What's the matter with making it a thousand?" Terry asked.

Another man spoke up, saying:

"I'll put up another five hundred, and we'll make it a thousand."

"All right, then. I'll go over to the bank, have them certify the check, and to-morrow we'll have the shoot."

"What sort of rifle is to be used?" Fred asked.

"Remington, of course."

"All right. I'm familiar with that gun. Where can I get one in the town?"

He was told that there was a gun store where the very best firearms were kept for sale, and he, Terry and Nick Taylor went out in quest of it. They each bought a Remington, notwithstanding they already owned one back home. They hired a wagon, drove out beyond the Blenker farm, where Fred tested his rifle about a dozen times and found it satisfactory.

"What do you think about it, Fred?" Terry asked.

"Oh, it's all right. I don't know what Newcomb can do; but I can place eight out of ten bullets in the bull's-eye at six hundred yards with this gun."

The next day several hundred people went out to see the shooting. Newcomb proved to be a splendid marksman. At a distance of six hundred yards he placed seven bullets out of ten inside the bull's-eye. The target was removed and another one put up, precisely like it, and Fred planted nine out of ten in the white spot, thus winning the contest with the greatest ease, and at the same time giving Newcomb his first defeat, after five years' series of victories.

"That's the best shooting I ever saw," he remarked to Fearnot, as he shook his hand.

"I consider myself particularly lucky to-day," returned Fred; "for I think you are about the best marksman I was ever up against."

Of course, Terry and Nick were jubilant. The pair of them were in about fifteen hundred dollars, and with that sum they thought they could paint the little town red the next few days. It had been a profitable trip to them, as Fred predicted before they left New York State.

"Fred, you're a prophet," laughed Terry; "but built up contrary to all the rules. The prophets of old wore more hair on their faces than on their heads; but it's all right as long as your prophecies come true."

Next week's issue will contain "FRED FEARNOT'S CLOSE CALL; OR, PUNISHING A TREACHEROUS FOE."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

The Christiana Athletic Club's auto bus broke down the other night on a country road near Middletown, Del., twenty-five miles south of Wilmington, Del. A note asking for help was tied to the club's dog and the animal was told to go home. The dog started on a run and made the journey to Wilmington in two hours, arriving at the clubhouse exhausted. A relief bus got to the stranded ball players in another hour.

A new high explosive, trolal, possessing in a high degree the desirable qualities of a shell-burster, has been developed and demonstrated. It is the invention of Lieut. Harold C. Woodward of the Twenty-second Engineers, National Guard, New York. The explosive, which can be detonated only by fulminate of mercury, has been fired in a 12-inch shell against armor plate without exploding. It is claimed that 6 ounces of trolal will do the work of 12 ounces of dynamite.

Ernest Bohm, Secretary of the Central Federated Union, New York, reported that the convention of the Workingmen's State Federation, to be held in Utica on Sept 9, and to which the Central Federated Union has elected delegates, would require every delegate, if challenged, to show that he wore none but union-made clothes. Thirteen union label garments are specified, ranging from hats to underwear. Some of the delegates objected to making the number the unlucky thirteen. The majority, however, said they believed that the Central Federated Union, as an up-to-date body, should have outlived the superstition attaching to this number.

The Canadian immigration figures for the first three months of the fiscal year, issued recently, show an increase of British and European immigrants over the same period last year and a heavy decrease in immigration from the United States. American settlers entering Canada during the first quarter of this year numbered 44,998, as against 53,343 in the same period last year. Total arrivals were 261,206, as against 175,346 in the same period last year. Of these, 84,305 came from Great Britain, an increase of 15,000. The government estimates that the American settlers brought with them in cash and effects upward of \$67,000,000.

Denied reappointment as postmaster at Gainesville, Ga., by the Democratic administration, Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, widow of the famous Confederate general, has been offered a position by a former Union soldier. Mrs. Longstreet said recently that Colonel Albert E. Boone, of Clarksburg, W. Va., had offered her a place in his office at \$3,600 a year. "If I find that I feel myself fitted to do the work in Colonel Boone's office," she added, "I shall accept his offer in the same spirit in which General Longstreet accepted a commission from President Grant when he found himself an outcast in the land whose battle flags he had followed with supreme devotion."

Charles Frederick von Glahn, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick von Glahn, of Berlin, Germany, has original ideas in floriculture. The young disciple of Luther Burbank was caught by his nurse on the roof garden of a prominent Broadway hotel, in New York, recently, planting his mother's \$8,000 string of pearls in one of the flower boxes. Young Charles had seen workmen on the roof planting some large round seeds. He stole to his mother's room and obtained her string of forty pearls from her jewel box. He had several of them planted when the nurse found him. They were all recovered.

The biggest gun in the world is to be used to guard what is perhaps the greatest material achievement of the human race—the Panama Canal. It is a 16-inch breech-loading rifle, and is the first of several similar great cannon that are to be built for the seacoast defense of the United States. The total length of this gun is 49 feet 3 inches. At the breech it has a diameter of 60 inches, and tapers from this to 28 inches at the muzzle. The main bore is 37 feet 4½ inches long, and it has a diameter of 16 inches. The cylindrical part of the powder chamber is 7 feet 5 inches long, with a diameter of 18.9 inches. If smokeless powder is used, it will require 576 pounds for a single charge; and if black powder is used, 1,176 pounds will be necessary. The projectile of the gun measures 5 feet 4 inches in length, weighs over a ton—2,370 pounds—and when it leaves the muzzle it can penetrate 42.3 ins. of steel. The range is no less than 21 miles, and the projectile will leave the gun at a speed of 2,300 feet a second. In ranging this score of miles, the shell reaches an elevation of about 30,500 feet—higher than Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world.

The State of Illinois to-day is in the worst financial condition it has been at any time since it was admitted into the union. The deficit by Jan. 1, 1914, will not be less than \$10,000,000. Mercantile concerns doing business with the State cannot hope to receive any money before May 1, 1914. Payrolls even will be defaulted on by Nov. 1. From Nov. 1 this year until about May 1, 1914, the State treasury will be practically without funds. Desperate schemes to raise money have been under consideration for several days, but finally all these blew up and the State House financiers closed their desks and went home. The situation has become critical. Hundreds of letters are pouring in on the institutional auditors and other State House officials demanding that their claims be paid. Close friends of the administration have come to Springfield to make personal appeals for the money, requesting that their claims be slipped through. They have been turned down. Among the liabilities held up is the \$60,000 appropriated for the expenses of the House Election Committee. There is nothing doing for any one. The State is broke.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

—OR—

The Mysterious Horseman

By ALEXANDER DOUGLAS

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIV (continued)

In a few moments more he was alone in profound darkness.

And now for the first time despair took possession of him.

"Doomed!" he groaned, as he seated himself on the stone flags and rocked himself to and fro; "doomed to die a miserable death. It may be by the dagger of the assassin, or by starvation!

"Oh, Heaven, what have I done to offend Thee, that I should be thus treated by my enemies?

"Who is this Sir George Compton? Chief constable. Where have I heard that name before? Ah, I seem to be enveloped in a thick cloud—the black cloud of deep mystery!

"To die like this! To be murdered, perhaps, in this dark hole, and be buried deep down in one of the loathsome vaults of which I have heard! If I think long of this I shall go mad—mad! Already my brain whirls!" he cried, starting up, the heavy chains clanking with a startling sound.

A scampering noise was heard.

Clement fell upon his knees again and felt around.

His hand closed upon a soft, yielding substance, and what he held in his hand uttered a short, sharp hiss.

"By the saints!" shrieked Clement, hurling what he had in his hand with a thud against the wall; "the place is alive with rats! Am I to be eaten alive? Is that the object of my enemies?

"What a death!

"But let me not utterly despair—let me yet trust in Providence!"

He resolved to move as far as the chain permitted, and he kept this up for a long time.

The continual clanking of his ponderous iron chains at last began to tell upon him.

He thought that mad he certainly should go.

Now and again he paused and listened.

But no sound met his ears.

The profound silence of the grave was there.

He searched about with his hands in the hopes of finding a stool.

But there was neither stool, table, nor pallet in this dungeon.

He, however, found a pitcher.

Dipping his hands in, he discovered it was nearly full of water.

He was parched with thirst.

He raised it to his lips.

Horror! the smell was terrible!

The body of a decomposed rat fell from it, and dropped with a sickly crash upon the stones.

With a wild yell of despair Clement raised the pitcher over his head, and dashed it against the wall.

Once more he commenced his monotonous pacing, but at last, wearied out, he fell prone upon the stones.

How long he remained there he knew not, neither could he, of course, imagine, but he became aware of the fact that the loathsome rats were scampering about him in all directions.

When he started up they darted off.

Suddenly distant sounds fell upon his ear.

Voices? Were they voices? Surely—surely it was voices he heard!

He listened intently.

"Yes," he cried, "they are human voices near! Oh, I'm here—here!" he shrieked wildly, rattling his chains upon the stones. "I'm here! Come—come! Even if you are enemies, you are welcome. Come quick—quick! If you are enemies, stab me to the heart! It will be showing me a little mercy!"

Nearer and nearer came the sounds.

He heard the tramp of feet upon the stone flags, and this, of course, increased his excitement.

But his excitement suddenly subsided.

It might be the turnkeys bringing in a new prisoner, he thought.

But now a low sweet voice fell upon his ears.

A woman's voice.

To him the sound was as welcome as an angel's.

The sounds of the tramping feet stopped before his cell door.

The key was inserted—a harsh grating sound, a loud click, the door revolved upon its hinges, and the light from the lantern flooded the filthy cell.

Clement started forward.

Clasping his hands together, he cried:

"What is this? Who is this dark figure? A woman clad in robes of black. What do you here, madam? I thought from the tones of your voice that you were some angel, whom Heaven had dispatched to my rescue."

"I'm afraid his brain's going, madam," muttered the turnkey, shaking his head solemnly. "And I don't wonder at it. These places would turn any man's brain."

"I am come to serve you, good youth," said the sister.

"Ah, I see, you are a sister of mercy. Yes, it is so!

Al, then you are indeed welcome!"

"He is not mad yet," said the sister. "Leave me alone with him: I will read to him a chapter from Job. I will teach him how to be patient."

"I will leave you for half an hour, madam—not more. In that time Chief Warder Green takes my place, and as he does not like any women, especially sisters of mercy, it might go hard with you if he saw you."

"Call for me in twenty minutes. In that time I shall be ready."

"Very good, madam. You will find twenty minutes quite long enough to stay in this hole."

With this he placed the lantern on the floor and departed.

The sister took up the lantern and let its rays fall on the pages of her book.

She trembled in every limb, for she was afraid that if Clement recognized her he would cry out.

But when the turnkey's heavy tread had died away she threw her book from her.

"Not one cry, as you value your life!" she said in her natural voice. "I am here disguised to save you. You know me now, Clement?"

"Heavenly Father!" cried Clement, throwing himself upon his knees, "it is Winifred!"

"It is—she who loves you so well to risk her life for you. You have risked yours twice for mine. I am only endeavoring to make a poor return."

"Heaven bless you, dear Winifred!"

"And you, my own Clement! Poor Clement! But I have no time for tears. Rise—and listen. If you have the means will you attempt to escape?"

"Yes, Winifred."

"Look, then, at these articles."

Clement looked at the articles as one by one Winifred took them from her bosom.

"Will they assist you?" she asked.

"Ay, ay!" muttered Clement, joyfully. "A file, a file! 'Tis worth more to me now than a magazine of arms. But, alas!" he added, as he looked around at the massive walls, "I cannot file through them."

"I know it. Hark!"

"Nothing moves but the rats."

"Holy Virgin, how terrible! But, listen, Clement. Did you notice what that turnkey said? In half an hour he will be relieved by the chief warder. Now, as we came along, he told me that the chief warder visits the cells of the prisoners every three hours. You will, therefore, have time to file off your fetters. The rest I must leave to you," she said, significantly.

"I see, I see! Yes, there is a chance of escape, or——"

"Or what?"

"Death!"

"Oh, no, no! Say not so. If you find that there is not so much chance of escape as you thought for when the warder comes around, abandon it until another time."

"I will, I will. Oh, Winifred, you are indeed a brave girl! Hail!"

"'Tis the turnkey. Farewell, Clement."

"Farewell, my love. If I escape, you shall soon hear from me."

"Directly you are clear of the prison make all haste to my father's house. We will watch for you."

One long, long kiss, a close embrace, and Clement, concealing the files and things about him, stood with bowed head, apparently listening to the fervent exhortations of the supposed sister of mercy.

So the turnkey found him.

"Time's up, madam," he said, respectfully. "I pray you follow me quietly, for the chief warder is a perfect fiend to-night."

"Farewell, my son," said Winifred, again assuming the voice of an elderly person. "Keep up your courage. Keep strict watch!" she added, significantly, as she raised the book, "for what is here said: 'The hour is at hand!'"

The turnkey held open the door, and Winifred passed slowly out.

Once more the door was closed with a crash, and locked and bolted.

When their footsteps had died away Clement set to work with the tinder-box.

He soon kindled a match and lighted the candle.

Sitting on the iron block, he at once commenced to file his irons.

He knew that he had a tough and difficult task before him, for the links in the chain were of tremendous thickness.

Had they been twice as thick, however, Clement would have made an attempt to cut them.

Scrape, scrape, scrape!

Hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss!

The fine filings began to fall upon the floor and make a little heap, which glittered and flashed in the dim rays of the candle.

Now and again Clement paused and listened.

But no sound did he hear, except it was an occasional sniffing kind of noise.

He wondered what this was for some time, but he found out at last.

Looking around him, he saw numerous rat-holes, and from them the horrid vermin were watching his movements with evident interest.

An hour, two hours passed; one fetter had been filed through, and he had got half-way with another.

His arms ached; the perspiration ran down his face in torrents.

But he paused not at all.

At last he got through the other link.

He was free from his fetters.

Hastily securing the files and other things about him, he again listened.

And as he listened the last bit of candle burned right down, flickered, and went out.

He was about to reseat himself again on the iron block, when he heard the distant sound of footsteps, and the clanking of a number of keys.

He pressed his ear to the door.

He now heard a deep voice—it was a voice which there was no mistaking.

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

At Exeter, in England, an image of Henry VIII. in an alcove over a clock dial moves his head, while two warriors strike the quarters by alternate blows on two bells beneath their feet. Compi gne, in France, has also a kingly clock, where the good King Louis XII. rides a spirited horse in a panel on the front of the town hall. Above the king is a clock face, and high above that is a group of three little figures which strike the halves and the quarters with three little hammers, on three little bells below. Nuremberg and Berne have clocks with performing soldiers. Jena has its "Hans," fated to be tantalized for three centuries by having a golden apple presented to his immense, open mouth, only to be snatched away before the mouth can be closed upon the tempting fruit. Koblenz has a huge, helmeted head in the belfry of the Kaufhaus, and the mouth opens and shuts as the hours are sounded. Instead of saying, "How are the good people of Koblenz?" the question comes, "How is the old man of the customhouse?" St. Mary's, at Lubeck, has a clock with a great variety of movements, chief of which is a procession of an emperor and seven electors before a figure of Christ blessing them as they bow before him. In one corner of the elaborately carved case is a mouse.

GERMAN ARMY SECRETS SOLD.

The sensational disclosures of corruption in the German army made by Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist Deputy, in the Imperial Parliament on April 18 came up the other day before a court martial convened to try the military officers charged with accepting bribes for information of pending government contracts for arms and ammunition. Four officers of the ordnance department were brought before the judges. They were Lieutenants Tilian, Hinst, Hoge and Schleuder, to whom was intrusted the supervision of many of the ammunition and arms contracts at various arsenals and factories throughout Germany. Chief Clerk Pfeiffer and two non-commissioned officers of the ordnance corps also were in the prisoners' inclosure.

The formal charge against the prisoners was the betrayal of military secrets, the acceptance of bribes and insubordination.

The accused men, although admitting the communication of secret information to the representatives of Krupp's ordnance factory on various occasions, protested that this had been done without criminal intent, since they believed there were no secrets between the German government and Krupp's. The early testimony indicated that the accused had acted rather out of good fellowship to Krupp's representatives than on account of the comparatively small sums received by them.

FROM BANKNOTES TO BATTLESHIPS.

All of the notes, bonds, checks, and miscellaneous issues of the Government, including postage stamps, internal revenue stamps, and the different denominations of cur-

rency issued to national banks are printed from engraved steel plates in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

On Jan. 1 of the present year there were something like 16,000 of these plates in the vaults of the bureau. The 7,400 national banks of the country require 11,000 of this number to print their currency, while the almost numberless varieties of postage stamps are printed from over 500 plates having 400 subjects to each plate. In addition to the foregoing, there were on the date mentioned over 24,000 original dies and about 20,000 rolls in the bureau vaults.

The original dies are never destroyed. By a system of transferring, the impression or design is passed from the die to a soft steel roll, which is later hardened. A hundred plates can be produced from one hard steel roll.

After approximately 50,000 impressions are printed from a steel plate it becomes useless as far as its original purpose is concerned. The delicately engraved lines and geometric lathe work become worn, and the portrait loses its detail. When the plate becomes so effaced as to render it unfit for further satisfactory printing, a duplicate is ordered to be made for printing future orders from the Treasury Department. The old plate is then canceled and laid aside to be subsequently destroyed.

This destruction, or rather transformation, takes place just after the first of January each year, under the direction of a committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, composed of three persons, one of whom represents the Secretary and acts as chairman, another the Commission of Internal Revenue, and the third looking after the interests of the Controller of the Currency.

The committee has recently reported to the Secretary of the Treasury the destruction of 4,326 pieces, weighing 41,810 pounds—over twenty tons—withdrawn from the vaults. To convey this vast amount of metal required the services of eight laborers and a team of draught horses attached to one of the huge money wagons of the bureau, making eight trips to the United States Navy Yard, where the "cremation" takes place in the foundry.

On arriving at its destination the committee directs the unloading. The boxes are removed from the wagon on to hand trucks and taken by elevator up to the floor level of the cupola door. The boxes are here opened, the carbon duplicate schedule removed, and the plates again counted and checked as they are cast into the furnace.

In order to ascertain whether the destruction has been complete, the committee must wait until all the melted steel is drawn from the furnace and the cupola opened and cooled. Occasionally in some unaccountable manner a plate will go through the intense heat and its denomination still be distinguishable, although, of course, its usefulness as a money plate will have been destroyed. The melted steel is poured into molds covering a great variety of castings that eventually find their way to the armament of our modern battleships.

THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN ROCK

By F. A. HARDY

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVII (continued)

"Felix Adair would come noiselessly up to us from a draped door, or ride up suddenly on a foam-spangled steed, or glide from the shadows of some clump of trees.

"I became exasperated at last.

"I saw how Helen smiled at these interruptions—how amused she seemed at your father's smiling apologies and well-timed excuses, and my convulsed and angry face.

"So I determined to charge him with endeavoring to supplant me.

"I met him unexpectedly in the woods near the margin of the river.

"'Felix Adair,' I cried, 'we are well met. I have wished a long time to tell you something.

"'Yes,' said your father, smiling. 'What is it?'

"'That you are a villain!'

"Felix Adair turned slightly pale, drew back, put his hand to his sword, and then took it away again with a laugh.

"'Strong words, General Fairfax?' he cried, 'but I forgive you. Perhaps you have been drinking too much this hot day!'

"'Beware of insulting me,' I said; 'my blood is at fever heat, I am dangerous. You have seen how my heart is set on Helen Elmsleigh. You know she is my queen, the idol of my soul. And you are trying to win her from me—trying to steal from me the treasure I prize most on earth.'

"Felix Adair, though he was pale and troubled, pretended not to understand me.

"'I know not what you mean,' he said; 'I know of no secret treasure of yours that I could steal from you.'

"'I have told you what I mean,' I replied. 'the love of Helen Elmsleigh.'

"'I fear you are making some grievous error,' he said; 'I cannot be robbing you of what you never possessed. If Helen Elmsleigh has a preference for any one of the name of Fairfax, it is for your brother Herbert.'

"My heart seemed for a moment to stop its beating.

"My brother Herbert!

"What could he mean?

"Then I broke into a wild laugh of scorn.

"'Ah!' I cried, 'do you wish to add to your villainy by falsehood? Herbert is a dear brother, and would never deceive me.'

"It was his turn now, and he laughed enjoyably.

"'Indeed!' he said, 'then you are much mistaken, or I am. If you take note of things a little more, you will certainly think differently.'

"'But you are also her lover,' I cried.

"He bowed.

"'I love her dearly,' he said, 'but you are not my rival. Your brother and not you holds that enviable place.'

"Much more was said.

"The interview was too long to be fully described.

"However, it was a fierce and angry one.

"Your father kept his feelings well under command, however, whilst I gave vent to the wildest display of grief and rage.

"I made no secret of my hate.

"My threats were terrible, and when we at last parted my words were expressions of my savage wrath.

"'Beware!' I cried, 'my eyes will be upon you. If I find you trying to win her I will kill you!'

"He laughed tauntingly.

"At that moment two or three of the guests staying at the place appeared, and, lifting his hat, he turned upon his heel and went.

"For some time I kept careful watch.

"Felix Adair's visits became far less frequent.

"I flattered myself that my words had taken effect.

"But I was wrong.

"At length the fatal evening arrived which crowned my life with horror and despair.

"A ball took place at the house of my father at Fairfax Waters.

"Among the guests was Felix Adair.

"He appeared to divide his attentions among the beauties there, and for a time I was content.

"But toward midnight Helen was missing.

"No one seemed to know how or when she had vanished.

"I observed that Adair's face grew set and pale when he found that she had so unexpectedly been missed, and my heart grew lighter as I thought that, at any rate, she was not with my hated rival.

"But presently Felix Adair disappeared also.

"This entirely upset the equilibrium of my mind, and I could no longer disguise my concern and anger.

"I sought everywhere for the missing couple.

"In vain.

"At length I could no longer keep my trouble to myself.

"I told it to others, and it was not long before several persons were on the alert.

"But no one saw anything of the missing pair.

"It was reserved to me to fathom the mystery of that evening.

"I know now how wrongly and madly I acted on that eventful evening.

"Oh! the baneful name of Adair!" he cried. "Would that it could be blotted out!"

For a few moments he seemed to give way to almost uncontrollable fury, and every moment Roland expected him to rush at him.

He preserved, however, a bold demeanor, and presently Goldgreed cooled down.

"Ha!" he cried, as he reseated himself, "my pulses beat high, and I feel fit for murder when I recall those times."

He took a draught of the water which stood by the side of Roland.

Then he resumed:

"I and some others dispersed ourselves in various directions.

"But for a long time we found no trace of anything.

"Then for the first time I observed the absence of my brother Herbert.

"What did this mean?

"A sickening dread entered my mind.

"Was Felix Adair right after all?

"Was my brother a traitor?

"I was just chafing under this terrible thought, when Adair suddenly appeared from among the shadows.

"Well met!" he said. "I have the chance now of proving my words."

"How so?"

"Your brother Herbert is at this moment eloping with Mistress Elmsleigh."

"Eloping!" I cried, fiercely, while every drop of blood in my veins seemed battling with my heart. "Where are they?"

"Near the break in the hedge where the grounds join the high-road."

"I knew the spot well.

"In a few moments I had reached it.

"Felix Adair and a few others followed.

"What ensued on my part was the act of a madman—an assassin.

"I should have taunted and upbraided my brother—have told him how I hated and despised his hypocrisy and treachery.

"Then explanations would have ensued and the miserable tragedy would have been averted.

"But Adair's words had maddened me.

"I leaped forward, my sword flashing in the moonlight.

"'Coward and traitor!' I cried, 'turn and defend yourself!'

The Miser Pirate paused for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Herbert did not draw his sword.

"Stay, Gerald," he said, "there is some grievous error."

"I laughed wildly.

"Draw, or my weapon shall be sheathed in your body!" I cried.

"Be not rash," he answered, still standing back. "This lady——"

"But I would not listen.

"In a moment my murderous sword was through his body and he fell with one gasping cry of:

"Oh, Gerald, my brother, you have slain me!"

"He never spoke again.

"When he had fallen—when I had realized what I had done and glanced round me, I saw that the lady who had caused all the mischief, in company with Felix Adair, had gone.

"But I rushed forward and sprang into the post-chaise.

"Away—anywhere!" I cried. "I will pay you well."

"The man obeyed with alacrity, and presently we

emerged from the shadow of the big trees and dashed along in the bright moonlight.

"Then, for the first time, I saw something cowering in a corner of the vehicle.

"The form of a woman.

"She was shrinking from me.

"I seized her by the arm.

"Well," I cried, "what do you think of your work?"

"She shivered away from me as if I had been some loathsome thing to be shunned.

"Speak!" I cried again, "or you may share the fate of Herbert Fairfax. Speak!"

"I trembled with passion as I looked at her.

"So exquisitely dressed, in the creamy draperies which I knew Helen loved so much.

"The face was veiled, to hide her bitter anguish.

"Speak!" I shouted. "Tell me, what does this mean?"

"It cost her a terrible effort to speak.

"But she did so.

"Yes—yes!" she whispered, "I will speak—I will explain."

"Her voice was harsh and strained and horror-stricken.

"So unlike that of my darling Helen.

"But I could not refuse her this boon.

"We would go on further; we would arrive at last at a spot where I could pause in the moonlight, and where I could lure her out, and if she could not account for her actions to my satisfaction, I would kill her as I had done my brother.

"We reached the spot.

"I stopped the post-chaise.

"Then I opened the door and offered my hand to aid her to alight.

"What do you want with me here?" she said, trembling.

"To assist you out into the moonlight, to raise your veil, to look into your false face, and tear from your false lips the meaning of to-night's tragedy," I cried.

"And then?"

"I kept back my fierce words.

"Then," I said, "you can go."

"She timidly extended her hand, and in a few moments stood in the road by my side.

"As the moonlight fell full on my face she started back.

"Great heavens!" she cried. "What means this? I thought you were Guy Forrester!"

"A whirl of madness obscured my brain and my sight for a moment.

"Guy Forrester!" I cried. "What do you mean? What mockery is this?"

"Her face was pretty, and her form graceful.

"But she was not the one I loved.

"Who are you?" I cried, almost savagely.

"I am Clara Elmsleigh, cousin to Helen Elmsleigh," said the girl, in a low voice. "I have long been betrothed to your poor brother Herbert, whom you have this night murdered."

"In my rage I shook her arm fiercely.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

One man is dead, two are dying, and nine others are not expected to live as the result of a gasoline explosion in a motoreyele at a motordrome on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River. The dead man is Odin Johnson, of Salt Lake City, who was riding the machine that swerved into the barrier surrounding the track just before the explosion.

A reward of \$50 is being offered anonymously for the return of a gold watch lost, not yesterday or the day before, but eighteen years ago. The offer appeared in the Lost and Found columns of "The New York Times," and all information concerning the whereabouts of the watch should be sent to Howard & Co., at 624 Fifth avenue. Although the story of the loss has not been told, it would be a natural guess that sentiment dictated the offer of so large a reward after so many years. The guess is borne out by the information that inside the case, which opened by a secret spring, was the "miniature of a lady." Further description says that the watch had a pearl stem winder and that the monogram on the outside of the case was in letters of black enamel.

In the waters about Mamaroneck, New York, there appeared recently a canoe driven by an aeroplane propeller. This odd craft was built by Joseph Bister, and with it he has made a speed of 15 miles per hour. The canoe is 18 feet long. In the forward end there is a light framework which supports the propeller shaft. The shaft carries a 5-foot aeroplane propeller which is driven at 800 revolutions per minute by a 7 horse-power twin-cylinder engine. The propeller shaft is belt-connected to the engine shaft. In order to give the canoe sufficient stability it is provided with pontoons, one at each side. The pontoons aid in balancing the canoe when the engine is being cranked, but when the canoe is under way they just clear the water. The builder of this craft has given it the name "air-canoe."

In an endeavor to capture the "London Daily Mail's" prize of \$50,000 for the first aviator to cross the Atlantic within 72 hours, Col. F. S. Cody, the well-known Anglo-American airman, is building a hydro-aeroplane in which he hopes to cross the ocean in 20 hours. In order to do this he will have to average at least 90 miles per hour and cross at the narrowest part, which lies between England and Newfoundland. It is believed by those who have made a study of the question that the first flight will be made without a stop, as the high waves of mid-ocean would prove disastrous to flying machines of the present day. The problem of deciding from which side of the water to start is also occupying the attention of those airmen who intend to compete for the prize. Starting from England, a flyer would travel with the sun and would have daylight for about 22 hours, while a start from Newfoundland would give him only 14 hours of light. However, he would have the advantage of the prevailing western winds in mid-ocean.

The sacred codfish carved in wood is to be seen on the walls of the hall of representatives in the statehouse at Boston. It occupies a place of honor between two classic pillars immediately opposite the desk of the speaker. Bostonians aver that this is the original sacred codfish of the old colony and that it has had a place in the halls of the lawmakers of Massachusetts for over 150 years. It is a relic of the assembly hall that gave way to the present statehouse. The following is the original generally assigned to it: One Captain John Welch, of Boston, was the creator and carver of the famous fish. In his time he was held to be a wood carver of no mean ability. He established himself in Dock Square in 1747. A member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, Welch rose in time to its captaincy. He was called on to contribute to the decoration of the colonial assembly hall, and as at that period codfish was the colony's main article of export, Welch conceived the notion of immortalizing it.

The account of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition to the Karakoram and Western Himalaya in 1909, just published, reports some remarkable altitudes attained by the party. According to the "Geographical Journal, the duke undertook the expedition chiefly to contribute to the vexed problem as to how high it is possible for human beings to climb. He and his guides, after living for 37 days at or above 16,000 feet, spent another 17 days above 18,000 feet, of which 9 were spent at or above 21,000 feet. In an attempt on Bride Peak the party camped at 22,483 feet, and the next morning climbed to 24,600 feet—thus carrying the "man level" 700 feet higher than any previous mountaineer. Only a heavy mist prevented them from reaching the summit (25,110 feet). The most remarkable part of the story is that the party did not suffer from mountain sickness and were little the worse in any way for their exertions.

The Newark baseball team, headed by Harry Smith, the manager, and his wife, with the wives of some of the other players, attended the service in the Union Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Newark recently on invitation of the Rev. Warren P. Coon, the pastor, who preached on "Our National Game." In taking up his topic the speaker likened the teams to the church in its battle against evil. He said: "The pitcher is the minister against Satan or his agents. The ball is the gospel. In the game the team keeps its eye on the ball; the team supports the pitcher in all he does; the batter is the Christian light, and it's up to him to reach first base; to make advancement to second base he must do good work, and if he doesn't touch the bag he'll never reach third; when on third the opposing team of evil puts forth all its strength to keep him there. Some reach home, but many fall by the wayside unless a good hit drives them in. God is the umpire. He sometimes calls the game on account of darkness, and His decision is final. Sometimes disputing His decision results in being put out of the game."

WORK AND WIN

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

In testing out the steel car with a view to proving its indestructibility by fire, the Pennsylvania company placed in one of this type 200 pounds of shavings and wood saturated with oil, set fire to it and allowed the mass to burn itself out. The paint and upholstery were destroyed, but no damage was done to the car as a structural whole. At present, 2,872 steel passenger cars are in service on the Pennsylvania system, and this is about one-half of the total of steel passenger cars in service in the United States.

Standing up in a car of the roller coaster at Sacandaga, N. Y., late the other afternoon, John Rauer, of Johnstown, lost his balance and fell headlong to the rocks, fifty feet below. With Rauer in the car were his wife and two young women. They were attending the "Catholic Day" of the Mohawk Valley which drew many thousands of members of Catholic organizations. The coaster car had reached its highest point when Rauer fell. He was carried to a drug store, where he died in a few moments. He was forty years old.

Arabian honey, which is frequently mentioned by historians as an important export from Aden in early times, is no longer an item in the export trade. Small quantities, however, continue to come from Mokalla, 400 miles east of Aden, and it is also exported from that place to India in small quantities. The decline in the honey and wax industry has been gradual for centuries, and is attributed to a diminution in the rainfall. The honey that comes to market in Aden is packed in gourds and goatskins and sometimes in hollow pumpkins.

The demolition of a portion of a mosque at Cawnpore, India, for street improvements, which had caused indignation meetings to be held in many parts of India and Burmah, led to serious rioting at Cawnpore. A procession of natives, carrying black flags, visited the mosque and began replacing the bricks of the partly demolished edifice. An attempt to disperse the gathering resulted in a conflict with the police, who fired a volley into the crowd, killing thirteen persons and wounding thirty. One policeman was shot and forty others were injured.

Throughout Europe the forests have been cared for with great attention for centuries, until to-day they constitute an immense source of the national wealth of many countries, says the "Christian Herald." The best developed forests in the world are those of Germany. The public and private forests of Germany are at present valued at \$1,500,000,000. In Austria the state forests comprise 2,000,000 acres. The French Government also derives immense wealth from the state forests and controls at present some 1,500,000 acres.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Fair Worshipper—What is that sad, sad air you're playing, professor? The Professor—Dat iss Beethoven's "Farewell to the Piano." I see dose instalment people coming mit der van.

First Broker—Did you win or lose in that big drop in stock to-day? Second Broker (loftily)—That's my business, sir. Say, can you direct me to a five-cent lunch counter?

"These are all genuine antiques, madam," said the dealer. "We guarantee that." "I haven't any doubt of it," said Mrs. Noocash, "but hain't ye got anythin' newer 'n them? They look like a lot o' hand-me-downs."

Wife—Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home. Husband—At the counter where the sweet little blonde works? The one with the soulful eyes and—Wife—No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought, I won't bother you.

A lady living in Dorchester recently left her new Irish maid in charge of the house while she went shopping. Among her purchases was an umbrella stand for the vestibule. After her shopping tour she paid a visit to a friend and did not arrive home until late. "Well, Mary," she said, "did any packages come?" "Yes, mum," was the reply. "The wagon cum wid th' cuspidore for th' umbrellies."

He had just arrived from Europe, and the official friskers in the customs service were sizing up his baggage. "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," he insisted, as an official started to open the article in question. The frisker calmly pulled the stuff out of the trunk and disclosed a dozen quarts of champagne. "What kind of wearing apparel do you call these?" asked the official. "Nigsteaps," was the reply.

"That's a swell umbrella you carry." "Isn't it?" "Did you come by it honestly?" "I haven't figured it out. It started to rain the other day and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice large umbrella, and I thought if he was going as far as my house I would beg the shelter of his umbrella. So I stepped out and asked him: 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' and he dropped the umbrella and ran."

THE DOCTOR'S FIRST PATIENT.

By D. W. Stevens.

About thirty years ago a young man who had passed through all the preparatory steps took a suit of rooms in London, had a large brass plate fixed to his door, on which his name and calling were set forth in large letters, and for the benefit of night comers caused the same to be inscribed on three sides of a large green glass lantern which hung before his house.

Late one evening in December the young doctor sat alone in his little study, and large, heavy drops splashed violently against his window.

Then in a state nearly akin to sleep the doctor began to wonder who his first patient would be, what would be the disease, at what time of day or night he would be called, whether he should perform a cure, or whether the patient would die in spite of all his care.

Then again he thought of Rosa, fell fairly asleep, and dreamed of her till he heard her clear, sweet voice, and felt the weight of her small, soft hand on his shoulder.

A hand was indeed laid on his shoulder, but it was neither small nor soft. It was the rough, coarse member of a thick-headed boy from the orphan house, who had been bound to the doctor by the church-wardens, in consideration of board, clothing, a shilling per week, besides a promise to bring up the boy to his own calling, if he should manifest a capacity for learning.

"Mr. Doctor, a lady! A lady, Mr. Doctor!" screamed the boy, as he shook the doctor by the shoulder.

"A lady?" exclaimed the young doctor, half believing his dream to be reality, and almost hoping the lady might be his dearly beloved Rosa. "Where—where?"

"Here—there—yonder—yonder!" answered the boy, pointing to a glass door which opened into the passage.

The young physician shuddered with a perceptible start as his eyes met those of his first patient. So near the door that her face almost touched the panes of glass stood a woman of uncommon height, in deep mourning.

The upper part of her form was enveloped in a large black shawl, and a black veil covered her face.

She stood upright and still, and although the doctor perceived that her piercing eyes were fixed upon him from behind the veil, she made no motion of salutation.

"Do you wish for my advice?" said the young physician, opening the door.

The veiled person neither answered nor moved, and he repeated the question in a tone somewhat stern. The person nodded.

"Then I would beg of you to walk in," added the doctor.

The person stepped one step forward and turned her head toward the boy, who stood with mouth and eyes wide open, while the cold sweat dropped from his face.

"Go out, Tom, draw the curtain and shut the door," said the doctor.

The boy obeyed the instructions so far that he drew a green silk curtain over the glass door, shut it, and then, kneeling down, put his right eye to the keyhole.

The doctor drew a chair to the fire, and by a motion invited his silent patient to be seated.

The veiled form approached, and by the firelight the

doctor perceived that her garments were dripping with water.

"You are very wet," said he.

"Yes, I am," answered a hollow voice.

"And are you ill?" he asked.

"I am deadly sick! Bodily not, but spiritually."

"May I ask an explanation of your words?"

"It is not for myself I ask your aid. If I were bodily sick I should not have come at this hour, nor in such a night, nor alone. Four-and-twenty hours from this, if I find myself sick unto death, I shall thank heaven. It is for another I come to you. It may be insanity; but night after night, in the long weary hours of watching and weeping have I thought over this plan. I know that help from men is a cold and empty hope, but I cannot think of his being put into his grave without an attempt to save him."

A shudder passed over the whole form of the speaker, and the young hearer was inexpressibly shocked.

He was just at the commencement of his professional career, and had as yet witnessed none of those scenes of distress which so soon harden the heart, or the nerves, at least.

He started from his chair, and said hastily:

"If you consider the sufferer is already beyond hope, every moment is precious. I will go with you instantly. Have you called in any other physician?"

"No!" answered the stranger, folding her hands. "Earlier it would have been useless. It is useless now."

The young doctor stared at the riddler as if he meant to read her meaning through her veil, but it was too thick.

"You are ill!" said he, in a composed tone, "believe me, you are the sick one. Drink this," at the same time reaching her a glass of water. "Compose yourself and tell me as distinctly as possible where the disease is, and how long you have suffered."

The stranger raised the glass to her mouth without lifting her veil, but placed it again on the table without tasting, and burst into tears.

After a few moments she said in a broken voice:

"When you hear what I have to say, you will think me mad. I have been charged with insanity; but few treat me so kindly as you do. My health or sickness is nothing; I would gladly give every moment's ease that remains to me if I might redeem, by my sufferings, the life of him for whose sake I am here. To-morrow he will be in mortal danger, yet to-day you cannot see him—cannot help him."

"I will do nothing to increase your distress," said the physician. "I wish not to press myself into your mysterious secret, but your words convey a contradiction I cannot unravel. He of whom you speak is this night struggling with death. My skill might probably be of use, and yet you assure me I cannot see him. In the morning, you say, human help will be useless, and then I am required to go to him. If he is dear as your words and appearance indicate, why not go to him before help comes too late? If he die while we linger, what a weight will rest on you!"

"It will rest on others, not on me," answered the stranger.

"That no part may rest on me, give me your address and the hour at which I shall call," said the physician.

"If you will come, come at nine," answered the stranger.

"One question before you go. Is the sick person under your care?" said the physician.

"No," answered the stranger.

"And if I give you directions how to treat the patient till I come, can you make use of them?"

"No," said the stranger, and tears burst out afresh.

Early the next morning the young doctor, according to the directions received, took his way to Walworth.

Thirty years ago this place was only inhabited by people of a doubtful character.

The houses were far apart, old, ruinous, and miserable in every respect.

After many contradictory answers and unintelligible directions—ankle deep in black, boggy mud—the young doctor stood at length before the house where his first patient was.

No living thing was to be seen.

"I stood several minutes before the house," said the doctor, when he afterwards told the story, "and went entirely around it before I could muster courage enough to knock. I am not a very timid man, and yet I am forced in truth to confess that my heart beat quicker than usual when I heard whispering within. After some time steps approached the door, the bolts and chains were withdrawn, and the door opened. A man stood before me whose demeanor was not greatly calculated to give me new courage. He was a tall man with a pale, haggard face, over which his thick, black hair hung like a veil."

"Walk in!" said the man, in a deep, sullen tone.

I walked in, and he replaced the bars and chains of the door.

"Have I come early enough?" said I.

"Too early," answered the man. "But you will have to wait only five minutes."

He opened the door and went out. I heard him fasten it on the outside.

The place in which I found myself a prisoner was damp and cold. Two stools and a table were the only furniture.

I took a survey of the room, and then seated myself on one of the stools by the fire to await the result of my first call in the way of my profession.

I heard something move in the room above.

Soon after wheels came toward the house—they stopped—the chains of the door were unfastened—voices spoke low—footsteps went up the stairs, and I felt certain something heavy was carried up between two men.

The bearers returned again down the stairs, the door was again bolted and chained, and the wheels rolled away.

I arose and searched around the room to find some place by which I might escape to the open air, when the door suddenly opened and my visitor of the evening before entered the room, in the same dress, with the thick veil over her face.

She made a sign for me to follow her.

She led me upstairs to the door of a chamber, and made me a sign to enter.

The chamber contained a large chest, two chairs and a bed, without curtains. The yellow curtain I had seen from without made the chamber so dark that I stood still; but the stranger, with a cry of anguish, rushed by me and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, on which I could now see a tall form was stretched.

The head and face were evidently those of a man. A black bandage passed over the face and under the chin. The eyes were closed, and one hand lay on the corner of the bed. I approached and took it in mine.

Imagine my surprise when I touched the hand of a corpse.

"Here is no hope," said I, "the man is dead."

The stranger sprang to her feet, clasped her hands wildly together, and cried in a piercing voice:

"Not so! Say not so! I cannot bear it! It cannot be so! Men have been brought to life when they were supposed to be dead. I beseech you, do not delay! At this very moment, perhaps, the soul is departing from the body! For heaven's sake, do something for him!"

I stooped down to examine the body more closely.

"Draw away the curtain," said I.

The woman did not move.

"The curtain must be moved," said I, peremptorily.

Still she made no motion, and I rose for the purpose of doing it myself.

Then she threw herself upon the bed, clasped my knees and cried out: .

"Have mercy on me! Let the curtain be! If there is no hope—if he is indeed dead—if nothing can be done for him, why expose the body?"

"I must see the corpse," said I, and before the woman could prevent me I tore away the curtain. The daylight streamed into the chamber.

I returned to the bed and examined the dead body. "Here has been violence," said I, and looked sharply at the woman, who stood before me for the first time without her veil. It had fallen to the floor, but she appeared unconscious of it. She appeared to be about fifty years old.

Her face, now deadly pale, might have once been very handsome. Her white lips trembled, an unnatural fire burned in her eyes, and her whole person seemed oppressed by a weight of woe.

"Here has been violence," I repeated.

"There has," replied the woman.

"There has!" exclaimed I, sternly. "I mean the man has been murdered!"

"Yes, heaven knows he has! Merciless men have murdered him!" shrieked the woman.

"And who are they?" said I, seizing her by the arm.

"Who are they? Look at the mark of the slaughterers and then ask!" said she.

I stooped down and took off the thick bandage. The neck was swollen, and a blue mark might be plainly seen around it. I could doubt no longer, and turning away, I said: "Is he one of the men who were hung this morning?"

"Yes," answered she.

"And who is he?"

"My own—son!" groaned out the woman, and sank on the floor.

This man was the only child of his widowed mother—the light of her eyes and the idol of her heart. Indulgence had made him selfish and heartless. He had robbed her of all her possessions, one after another, and when she could no longer furnish him with the means of gratification he committed murder and died on the gallows. His mother finished her days in a madhouse.

GOOD READING

The House Naval Committee investigated the proposal of Capt. Louis S. Van Duser, made when he was captain of the New York navy yard, to abandon the present navy yard at Brooklyn, and build a new yard at Communipaw on the New Jersey shore of New York Harbor. He claims that the present yard is insufficient in area and accommodation, and he would substitute at Communipaw an entirely new yard of 400 acres, with pier accommodations sufficient to berth 40 battleships, 20 torpedo craft, and 100 tugs, barges and submarines.

During the year 1912, 20,275,120 tons of shipping passed through the Suez Canal, an increase of nearly 2,000,000 tons over the year of 1911. The total receipts of \$27,300,000 were the greatest in the history of the canal. During the year 5,373 ships passed through the canal, and of these 3,335 flew the British flag. Such figures as these give ground for the hope that the Panama Canal may become self-supporting and even profitable sooner than some of our statisticians have predicted.

Stretching across Western Australia is a rabbit-tight fence, said to be the longest in the world. It extends for a distance of 1,200 miles, without a break, except for gates. It begins in the temperate regions and ends in the tropics, and sometimes for nearly a hundred miles it never passes a human habitation. The fence is divided into sections, each of which is under the control of an inspector. These inspectors have boundary riders, whose duty it is to constantly ride up and down their section of the long barrier, and keep it in effective condition. Since the fence was erected it has prevented hordes of rabbits from over-running and devastating the region beyond.

There recently died in Bern, Switzerland, a remarkable student, who, though fifty-seven years old, had studied at the University of Bern for thirty-seven years without having taken his medical degree. This student, Gottlieb Laederach, entered the university when he was about twenty. He studied assiduously, but owing to a nervous temperament he could never pass an examination. When put to the tests he became so embarrassed that he failed. Having an independent income, however, and being gifted with unusual tenacity of purpose, he determined to gain his degree if it took a lifetime. When he went up for his hundredth trial in the examination room he fell dead from heart disease.

The washable banknote has arrived. Mrs. Ernest Hart, of London, has invented a system of water-proofing which is equally applicable to silk weighing a half-ounce to the square yard and to heavy canvases weighing two pounds to the square yard. When the process is applied to cinematograph screens the pictures shown are clearer and can be seen equally well by people in the front and back of the hall. When airship covers are treated they are made impervious to hydrogen and the weather and become in-

visible when in the air. The inventor says ropes and hawsers may be made unwettable, unshrinkable, and buoyant. Egyptian banknotes have been printed on waterproof silk, which can be washed and disinfected. Forgery of them is made an impossibility.

Free trade between the United States and the Philippine Islands, which was established with certain limitations by the tariff law of 1909, has resulted in an enormous increase in the trade of the islands, particularly the foreign commerce, according to a statement prepared by the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. Returns to March, 1913, indicate that the business for the fiscal year 1913 will reach \$333,000,000, or an increase of more than seventy-five per cent. over the business done in 1909. The foreign trade of the Islands (imports and exports) has more than doubled during this period. In other words, the total increase in the internal business of the islands since 1909 amounts to \$353,000,000, while the increase in the foreign trade amounts to \$156,000,000.

The discovery by the United State Bureau of Fisheries of an inexhaustible bed of giant scallops off the Atlantic Coast was reported by Commissioner Hugh M. Smith to Secretary Redfield recently. It is said to extend all the way from Block Island to the Virginia Capes and appears to be thirty miles or more in width. William M. Welsh and Dr. Henry B. Bigelow, two of the bureau's scientists, who have just completed a trip from the New England coast to Norfolk in the Fish Commission's vessel, the Grampus, said that at each haul the dredge brought up from one to three bushels of scallops. Another trip is to be made at once to map out the bed, but from the information already secured the fisheries officers feel confident that a virtually inexhaustible supply of edible bivalves has been found. Heretofore the giant scallop had been found only in spots along the Maine coast, although the small variety is common.

Every so often the suggestion is made to collect all the Jewish people in one land and form a great colony—a new Judea; but it would seem that these plans can never be realized, for few people know how greatly the Jewish race is scattered over different parts of the world. Recent statistics show that there are nearly twelve million Jews in the population of the world, of which some three million reside in America; in New York alone there are estimated to be 1,062,000 Jews. The Jews in Africa roughly number a quarter of a million; while Asia has twice as many, and Australia gives shelter to only 17,000. The bulk of the Jewish nation live in Europe, where there are about eight million Jews, of whom no fewer than five million belong to Russia and a million to Austria. Hungary and Germany have about a million Jews in their united population; while latest statistics return the Jews in Turkey in Europe and Roumania as 240,000 for each country.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

TO BEAUTIFY THE CANAL.

A monumental legend, written in great concrete letters on the face of Culebra cut and telling the history of the building of the Panama Canal, is the central feature of the plan of the commission of fine arts for beautifying the canal. The commission's report was sent to the Senate by President Wilson.

Recommendations by the commission were based on the advice of Daniel Chester French, sculptor, and Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect. They evolved an elaborate scheme for improving the natural scenic effects along the canal, and proposed the erection of a monumental entrance for the Atlantic end in the form a lighthouse, provided the construction of a foundation for such a structure was practicable.

The commission also proposed a monument directly above this, on Gold Hill, the highest point touched by the canal excavation. It considers the Pacific end of the canal to be so imposing in natural beauty that no artificial improvement should be attempted.

CZAR AS PRIVATE SOLDIER.

The London Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent, under the title "A Crowned Private," sends interesting particulars, just published in Russia, relating to a march made by Emperor Nicholas as a fully accoutred private in order to gain personal experience of the toils and duties of a Russian common soldier.

There is a well-known portrait of the present Russian monarch as an ordinary infantryman, tramping along the coast of the Crimea. His Majesty is dressed in the rank and file uniform of the Sixteenth Company of Emperor Alexander III.'s regiment.

The Czar was attired as a rifleman by a subaltern, who strapped on his Majesty's shoulders and waist the usual rolled overcoat, pouches with 120 rounds of ammunition, trenching spade, ration bag, etc., altogether weighing nearly three-quarters of a hundredweight, exclusive of the weight of the rifle.

After the subaltern had instructed the Emperor as to the proper use and meaning of each article, his Majesty shouldered his rifle and marched up hill and down dale for seven miles, giving the salute of a private soldier to the officers whom he met on the way. When he returned to the palace his soldier's tunic was saturated with perspiration.

The next day the Czar entered himself, according to the regulation on the regimental roll as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith, coming from Tsarskoe-Selo."

FEATS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographers, professional and amateur, have expended their skill and energy in obtaining all manner of difficult

pictures—running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon-balls, flashes of lightning, to say nothing of the shifting spectral lines of revolving double stars. But the great stumbling-block to all photographers, so assert the scientists, is the airy soap bubble. One such has said that for a long time it has been his ambition to picture a soap bubble in the act of breaking. He has experienced much difficulty, however, in attempts of this kind, since the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be only a small fraction of a second.

Anybody who has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how quickly it vanishes. The authority quoted thought it may take one-twentieth of a second; but by repeated experiments he has found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film is not more than one-three-hundredth of a second.

To catch and photograph one of these vanishing films between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proves a most difficult undertaking, but it has been accomplished.

It might be thought that it would be equally difficult to catch a lightning flash; but it must be remembered that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the soft reflection of a soap bubble is evanescent even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth part of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulae in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.

It has been suggested that it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that the famous Specter of the Brocken may yet have its photograph taken and so become familiar to thousands who have never seen the mysterious shade itself. It is known that the so-called specter is simply the shadow of a person standing upon the mountain, projected on the surrounding mist.

Some years ago, it is said, an official of the Weather Bureau at Washington, while making meteorological observations on the summit of Mount Washington, used to amuse himself by causing the specters of night visitors to the observatory to appear in the mist enveloping the peak. For this purpose it was necessary only so to place a light as to cast the shadow of a person on the foggy cloud ahead of him. Sometimes a gigantic specter was produced with startling distinctness, though never equaling the phenomena seen from the Brocken, where the conditions seem to be peculiarly favorable.

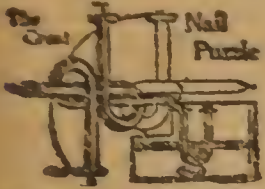
An Englishman reported to the Royal Meteorological Society the results of similar experiments made by him in the dense London fogs. He succeeded in raising his own specter by placing a lime-light at the back of his head. Then he photographed the specter.

THE FOUNTAIN RING.



A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



NAIL PUZZLE.

Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

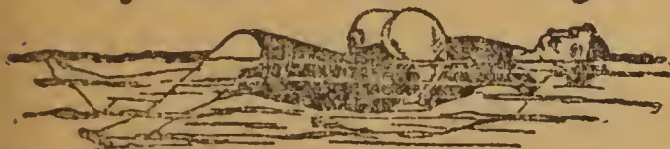
MAGIC COINER.



A mystifying and amusing trick. Tin blanks are placed under the little tin cup and apparently coined into dimes. A real money-maker. Price, 20c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gez whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 16 cents a box by mail, postpaid.

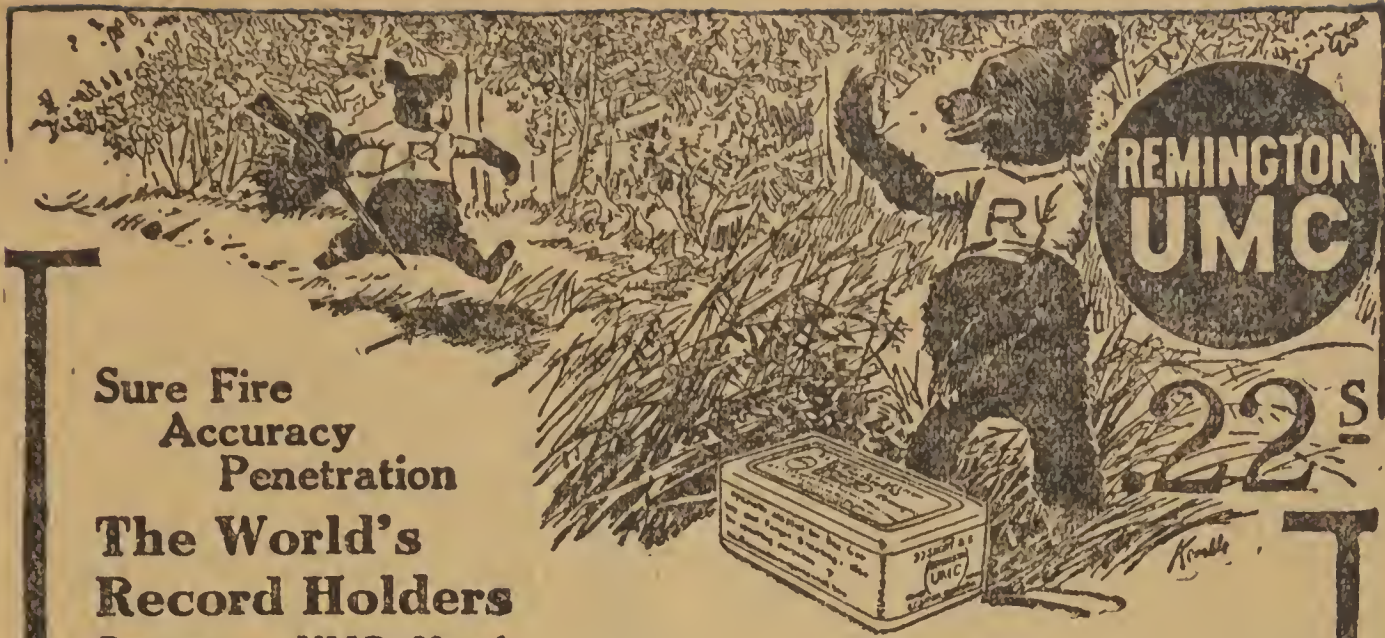
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



A real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nicked buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

H. V. GALLIGAN, 410 W. 56th St., N. Y.



Sure Fire
Accuracy
Penetration

The World's
Record Holders

Remington-UMC .22 cal.
cartridges have broken
two records in two years.

The Remington-UMC cubs make a find

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

Remington-UMC .22's are made, too, with hollow point bullets. This increases their shocking and killing power.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City

What Cities do These Spell?

Each set of mixed letters can be spelled as the name of a large city somewhere in the world.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1 MOER | 7 HANVAA |
| 2 EWN ORYK | 8 AMRDSTAME |
| 3 NNOLDO | 9 BUSRELSS |
| 4 RAISP | 10 DUNLIB |
| 5 Derven | 11 MCOSWO |
| 6 MORTNAEL | 12 CAGHIOC |

WIN A PRIZE

We believe we have the best chewing gum in the world—Brittain's Golden Gum—and we want to prove it by widespread introduction. Instead of the usual display forms of advertising, we have adopted this extraordinary method and will gladly distribute \$100,000 worth of rewards to

those who answer this advertisement, if our conditions are complied with. **WHAT YOU ARE TO DO:** Work out the 12 names of cities of America and Europe. For example, the first city is ROME—what are the others? Write them on a post-card or paper, add your name and full postal address, send to us. If you are correct, we will award you a prize and you may obtain the reward by simple service for us such as we will explain to you. We shall award gold \$5.00 and \$2.50 coins (sent by reg. mail), warranted Watches, Diamond Rings, sets of Dishes, Dolls, etc. We do not ask for a cent of your money now or later, but if you like, you can send 5 two-cent stamps for 2 packages of Brittain's Golden Gum just to prove to yourself how good it really is. Make no mistake, this is a genuine offer. Study out the names of cities and the sooner you answer, the sooner you will know what joy is in store for you. Surely you can devote some pleasurable study and a post-card to seeing what you will get. Address: **J. H. BRITTAI CO., 150 E. 32d St., Dept. 53 A, New York, N.Y.**

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 35c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted. **PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

X-RAY WONDER



This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.



Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by

a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance sideways before it is released for flight. Price, 35c. each, delivered.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly

shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

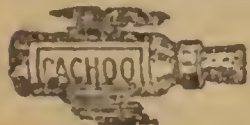
MYSTERIOUS SKULL.



Shines in the dark. The most frightful ghost ever shown. A more startling effect could not be found. Not only will it afford tremendous amusement, but it is guaranteed to scare away burglars, bill collectors, and book agents. It cannot get out of order and can be used repeatedly. Price, 4x5 inches, 15c.; by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



This pencil is made up in handsome style and looks so inviting that every one will want to look at it. The natural thing to do is to write with it, and just as soon as your friend tries to write, the entire inside of the pencil flies back like a jumping jack, and "Mr. Nosy" will be frightened stiff. It is one of our best pencil tricks and you will have a hard job trying to keep it. Your friends will try to take it from you. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c.,

Postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickel-plated brass. It holds just One Dollar. When tilted it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

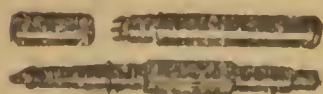
IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.



It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickel-plated with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel-plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the fife and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MAGIC PIPE.



Made of a regular corn-cob pipe, with rubber figures inside; by blowing through the stem the figure will jump out. Made in following figures: rabbits, donkeys, cats, chickens, etc.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MAGIC MIRROR.



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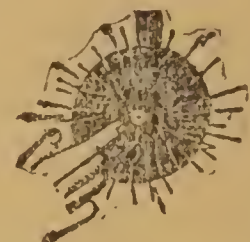
To all appearances this little startler is a nice looking camera. The proper way to use it is to tell your friends you are going to take their pictures. Of course they are tickled, for nearly everybody wants to

pose for a photograph. You arrange them in a group, fuss around a little bit, aim your camera at them, and request the ladies to look pleasant. As soon as they are smiling and trying to appear beautiful, press the spring in your camera. Imagine the yell when a huge snake jumps out into the crowd. Guaranteed to take the swelling out of any one's head at the first shot.

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ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.



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Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

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THE MAGIC DAGGER.



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Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

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